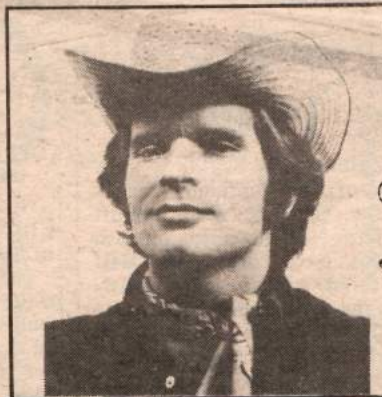


Cindy Garvey
Interview:
'Grand Jury
Witch Hunt'

Berkeley Barb



John Fogerty

Issue 529, October 3 - 9, 1975

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25¢ BAY AREA, 50¢ ELSEWHERE



Mexican Revolutionary Lucio Cabanas

MEXICO

How The Left Survives

Page 8

SLA ODYSSEY

The Story

Behind The Story

Page 3

PANAMA

The Canal May

Spark War

Page 3

" 'The problem we are trying to solve,' said Teresa, a Mexican guerrilla, 'is to bring people into an organization with ideology, discipline and strategy. Otherwise, though there are many brave actions, too many people get killed and nothing much changes.' "

Black Films That Matter
See Page 11

Party With The Poets

La Salamandra begins a succession of poetry on Sunday nights with the Oct. 5, Ball benefit reading. An Occasion from Crosscut Saw Unlimited, Ball is the third, with the fourth planned on the city experience. Reading will be such delights as Summer Brenner, Andy Clausen, Tom Plante, Leslie Simon, Susan Efros, and C.C. himself (Randy Fingland) and a slew of others. Seems like party time. Price of admission (\$1.00) is a purchase of the Ball. Have one.

Then, on Oct. 19, La Salamandra presents Mr. Jack Micheline. Direct from a holdover engagement, (he's still ALIVE.) He'll be reading with Kay McDonough, who appears in the City Lights Anthology, Andy Clausen, the liveliest and hottest of live wires, ZAP, and Michael Wojczuk, a local yocal. Again, there will be a one dollar admission.

La Salamandra, at 2516 Telegraph, seems to be slowly creating an atmosphere for the propagation of the arts, and certainly these Sunday readings will augment beautifully the Monday feature and open series that has poetry standing on its feet again.

Hollywood Digs Patty...

In the wake of the flood of newspaper stories, magazine articles and books on the Patty Hearst case, can Hollywood be far behind?

Obviously not. No less than three full-length feature films are soon to be released, all of them tales of a kidnapping in which the victim embraces her captors' causes.

One of the movies, called Abduction, has been filmed on a \$300,000 budget, and will carry an "R" rating.

A second movie, called Snatched, will also be "R-rated," and will detail how the kidnap victim is seduced by her kidnappers.

The third film, however, will be very much "X-rated." It's to be called Patty and will feature druggings, torture and rape. The makers of Patty say that the final scene was hurriedly reshoot following Patty Hearst's real life capture. They say the final scene of Patty "will show her locked up in the clink." --(ZNS)

...But Nixes Dumb Jerry

All three major television networks have rejected a movie version of the only book President Ford ever wrote, Portrait of the Assassin.

The book, co-authored by Ford in 1965, is alleged to be a character and psychiatric profile of Lee Harvey Oswald. Ford, who was one of seven members of the Warren Commission, suggests in his book that one of the principal reasons Oswald decided to shoot President Kennedy was that Oswald had been sexually rejected by his wife the night before the assassination.

Two Hollywood producers, Sheldon Davis and Sheldon Brodsky, purchased the screen rights to the book last spring and then approached all three networks with a plan to make a six hour TV Special out of Portrait of the Assassin.

Variety magazine reports, however, that all three networks have turned it down. The networks are reported to have been confused as to whether to present the story as a documentary, or as mere entertainment.

Davis and Brodsky say they now plan to make Ford's book into a movie for neighborhood theaters. --(ZNS)

Chile Demo Next Week

The Northern California Chile Coalition has called a demonstration for next Tuesday, October 7 at 11:45 outside the offices of

Clues

Citibank at 44 Montgomery St. in San Francisco.

The demonstration, according to the coalition, will protest Citibank's alleged participation "in the conspiracy to murder Allende and halt social progress in Chile," and its role in "undercutting the living standards of Americans from Alaska to Cape Horn." There will be music and speakers.

Berk'y Bozos Bust BARC

Ever since Bay Area Research Collective (BARC) member Kathy Soliah went underground following the SLA capture two weeks ago, other members of BARC have experienced constant harassment from Berkeley city and university police, apparently at the direction of the FBI.

This harassment culminated in the arrest last Friday of

likely tie up the collective's energy and money, while giving police a feel for the BARC house should they want to make a bigger raid in the future.

-- Ric Reynolds

Checks For Hypertension

Hypertension or high blood pressure as it is more commonly called is the single biggest contributing cause of death and serious illness -- heart failure, strokes, kidney failures, etc. -- in the United States. Last Year, the disease contributed to over 250,000 deaths. It is a symptomless disease and is often called the silent killer.

High blood pressure can be controlled, however, in about 90 percent of the cases. In Berkeley, the Community High Blood Pressure Control Program has been set up for precisely this purpose. The Program is a community

City Closes Nude Beach

The nation's only legal nude beach, Black's Beach in San Diego, is being threatened with closure by the San Diego City Council. When the Council closed down Ladera Street in June 1974, the Nude Beaches Committee was formed to promote the continuance and expansion of nude beaches in San Diego.

The Committee is now sponsoring an initiative, known as the "Beach Choice Initiative," to appear on the 1976 Presidential Primary Ballot. The initiative would force the City Council to designate swimsuit-optional and swimsuit-required beach zones based on demonstrated usage.

Daniel W. Brown, Jr., the Committee's Fund Raising Chairman, is asking for support and contributions may be sent to P.O. Box 99581, San Diego, CA 92109.

multiple occupancy cells; there are only 90 single occupancy cells in a jail projected to hold 400 inmates.

The 1974-75 county grand jury blasted the jail plans for a \$39,000 per prisoner projected cost -- that is of a single bed in the multi occupancy cells inside the windowless structure. For more information, call Jonathan Laitone in West Contra Costa County at 234-4523.

-- Betty Segal

Save Bottles Have Jobs

A new study by the Federal Energy Administration (FEA) has found that Oregon's "Bottle Bill" not only saves energy, but increases employment as well.

FEA assistant administrator Roger Sant told the western governors' conference in Idaho that the study has disproved allegations commonly voiced by the bottling industry that requiring deposits on bottles would increase unemployment.

Under Oregon's law, all pull top containers are outlawed; and all bottles must be redeemed by beverage makers for from three to five cents.

Sant says the study "indicates that not only do you have an energy savings, but you increase employment." --(ZNS)

U.S. Army Hits Left

A former undercover informer for the Chicago Police Department has testified in court that he was paid 100 dollars a week by U.S. Army Intelligence to violently disrupt leftist political activities in the 1960's.

The admitted informer, Thomas Stewart, states that he fronted for both the Chicago police and for U.S. Army Intelligence by working with a private right-wing organization known as the "Legion of Justice."

Stewart says that members of the Legion were instructed by police and military officials to break into leftist political organizations, to steal from and destroy their files and to rough up members of these organizations if necessary.

According to Stewart's testimony, during the late 1960's the U.S. Army supplied his group with tear gas and C.S. Gas canisters. He says his group used these gas bombs against Soviet and Chinese theatrical groups to disrupt their public performances in the Chicago area.

Stewart says that members of the legion were also given clubs and mace, and that the weapons were used to "hospitalize" members of a socialist group which Legion members were told to attack.

Stewart told his story in court in an attempt to overturn a conviction for burglarizing a church and threatening the priests. He stated that he had been assigned by his police and military superiors to burglarize the church, but had been promised complete immunity from prosecution for any violence that occurred.

--(ZNS)

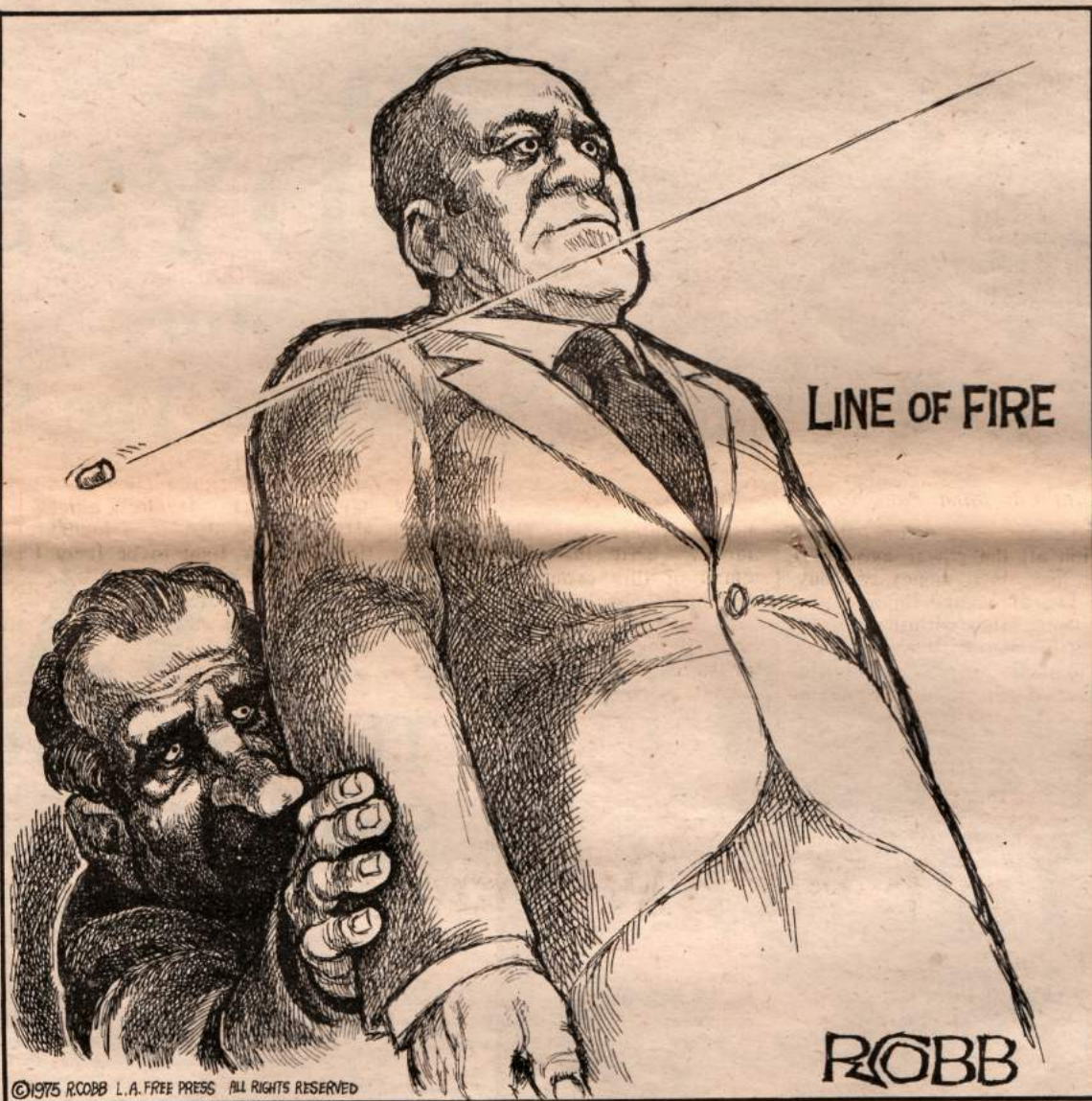
Kissinger On Skids?

Rolling Stone magazine reports that Frank Church's senate committee has uncovered enough evidence about Henry Kissinger's role in Chile to force Kissinger's resignation.

According to Rolling Stone, "The Chile files contain a smoking pistol -- and Kissinger is holding it."

The magazine claims there is enough "dirt" in the files to indict both Kissinger and former CIA director Richard Helms.

Rolling Stone predicts that Kissinger will resign "gracefully" soon because of his alleged perjury before congress about his role in the overthrow of Salvador Allende. --(ZNS)



three BARC members, Debby Marcus, Steve Murphy and Andy Behr on two misdemeanor counts relating to Code 4291, Subsection 4.1 -- "illegally posting material on public property" and one count relating to Code 148 -- "giving false information to a police officer."

"It was a big raid. Police waited in the bushes with walkie talkies, while others rushed into the BARC house on Northside and handcuffed two of the arrested BARC members (the other was at work at the time -- he turned himself in the next day.) The two spent over three hours in the U.C. holding pen and later city jail, and were finally released on \$550 bail each for a misdemeanor."

This is the first time in anyone's memory that Code 4291 has been enforced. When BARC's lawyer, Doron Weinberg, called the Berkeley Municipal Court for information, the clerk thought it was a traffic violation. However, Marilyn Baker breathlessly announced on Channel 5 the arrest of the "tattered remnants of the SLA."

The charges, which carry up to a six month sentence, likely will be speedily thrown out of court. But for BARC, it signifies the same kind of harassment experienced by Vietnam Veterans Against the War leader Bob Hood after the first SLA scare. It will

based health care facility designed to provide services to people with high blood pressure and related diseases.

The facility is located at 3284 Adeline Street, Berkeley; phone number is 655-7724. In addition to regular clinic services, it conducts about 17 outreach high blood pressure screening and detection clinics throughout the community at churches, welfare offices, street corners, industrial sites, etc. Call them for times and locations.

Ford Vetoes Cost Jobs

A study by the Library of Congress says that American workers lost roughly 638,000 jobs last year as a result of President Ford's vetoes.

The Library's congressional research service states that among the bills analyzed were ones designed to spur employment in the housing industry, create public service jobs and increase education appropriations.

The Library's study concluded that the loss of jobs would have totalled 1.8 million instead of 638,000 -- but that Congress enacted compromise bills to save jobs in several cases. --(ZNS)

Folks Fight New Bastille

Opponents of a \$22 million-plus "Bastille" for unsentenced prisoners in Contra Costa county, to be built starting next year in Martinez, have staked all on a petition campaign which must meet its goal of at least 21,000 signatures by November 3, to have a chance of getting on the November ballot.

The petition drive is the last resort of groups which have tried every form of persuasion for almost three years to block plans they call inhuman, far too costly and unnecessary.

While no one disagrees with Contra Costa Board of Supervisors chairman, Warren Bogess's description of the present county jail as making "the Tower of London look like a penthouse," opponents of the new jail object to the fact that the Supervisors have allocated the major part of two years federal revenue-sharing funds, totalling \$15 million, to the new jail, at the expense of a host of needy social action groups.

They also object to the erection of this maximum-security jail for pre-trial detainees only, and its retention of the infamous

The following statement was released Sept. 29th by imprisoned SLA member Emily Harris in Los Angeles and transcribed from a tape recorded for Berkeley radion station KPFA.

by Emily Harris

I'd like to read a message from both Bill (Harris) and myself to all comrades, sisters and brothers. With the capture in recent days of several members of the revolutionary underground, the government is once again caught up in its self-styled fantasy that the revolution is over.

In reality, our capture is but one small incident in the whole web of historical events and people that are building for the armed struggle in this country. The government and its counter-intelligence agencies have spent over \$5,000,000 and assigned 8,500 agents to look for us in the

'Who's Brain-Washing Whom?'

knows that this is nothing more than a pipe dream. (Despite) the enemy's obsessive preoccupation to find Patricia Hearst, the people's forces here in America have increased dramatically and the underground has grown stronger, building strength among the people. The war that was brought home over five years ago is here to stay.

Since our capture, the Hearst

a truly beautiful woman apparently manipulated to the point that her (captors) are denying her strength and commitment.

The affidavit that supposedly represents Patricia Hearst's position on the last year and a half of her life, is part of a calculated strategy to preserve the long tradition of brainwashing, manipulation, domination and enslavement by the rich. Who is

terests have their (vengeance) with war, military coups, political assassinations, puppet governments and fascist regimes.

As a woman, I clearly see the affidavit and the whole Hearst defense strategy as a cruel manifestation of a male-dominated society where women are defined by men as being fragile, weak and unable to make decisions for themselves. The team of male lawyers surrounding Tania seem to care nothing for her as a woman. Their only commitment is to represent the interests of the avaricious and power hungry Hearst family. (They) are isolating Tania and attempting to destroy her strong sense of her own self-determination.

While at the San Mateo County Jail, I was under the constant eye of the deputies, whose sole purpose was to protect Tania from me. Within days of our capture, the Hearsts have defined me as the enemy of Tania, a woman I have loved and respected for over a year. Now Bill and I have been removed quickly to L.A., part of the Hearsts' divide and conquer tactic.

The attempt to brainwash Tania into becoming an upper-class woman, or at the very least to label her insane, is not an isolated example. Each day myself and sisters everywhere are forced to resist cruel forms of manipulation, and they try to tell us we are not capable of being strong and independent people. The beautiful form of solidarity that develops among struggling women is a foundation for our fight to be free. I want to send my special love and rage to all sisters.

The Hearsts are differentiating the two of us from Tania. We are the guilty ones in their eyes. In the sense that we will



never deny we are revolutionaries, they are correct. We have always been totally aware of all the possible consequences of being enemies of the rich and powerful. So it comes as no surprise to us to find ourselves locked in cages as outlaws. We are strong and undefeated and are adjusting to the new arena of struggle. Our continuing determination comes from knowing that as one man and one woman, we have never been alone.

What we are part of, is not over, as some suggest, but just in the fine and painful beginning stages. We are prisoners of war in our own country -- a situation which is neither unique, nor does it exist in a vacuum. People are fighting for control of their lives all over the globe, and everywhere we see that this life struggle is focused against a common enemy -- U.S. imperialism. It was only months ago that our sisters and brothers in Southeast Asia proved to the world that this enemy is not only vulnerable, but subject to be driven from power and off the face of this earth. This is indeed an irrevocable trend of history.

Yesterday in Spain, five freedom fighters were executed by the U.S. government-supported fascist dictatorship. Their deaths will be avenged, and as such they are an inspiration to freedom-loving people everywhere. "Discover your humanity and love in revolution. Pass on this torch." That was a quote from Comrade George.

We send our love to all sisters and brothers. POWER TO THOSE WHO DARE TO BE FREE.



SLA supporters at Ho Chi Minh Park rally last Saturday

past year and a half with the hopes of when we and a few others are locked away in concentration camps, the people's spirit of resistance will be destroyed.

Anyone who has spent much time in the communities, workplaces, schools, jails and prison

empire has once again put into motion all the power and influence that blood money can buy. The two of us are the sacrifice this time, along with the millions of people who will have to struggle against the pain and disillusion that can come from seeing

brainwashing who? The Hearst family and the entire ruling class of this country have attempted to brainwash the world into accepting poverty, racism, sexism and other forms of oppression. Where brainwashing hasn't worked, these same in-

Rolling Stone On SLA

Who Broke Faith With Whom?

by Andrew Ross

The story of the decade it ain't, but as the first of what will probably be a series of personal memoirs of the Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) and its fellow travellers, Rolling Stone's "Inside Story," on the newsstands here next Tuesday, provides interesting and seemingly authentic revelations of the odyssey of the SLA.

The major source of the story, the Barb has learned, is Jack Scott, who first met up with the three fugitives one year ago last June and passed them on to a "new team" the following September. It is a story of cross country trips, fears and laughter, love and acrimony. As Emily Harris's lawyer in San Francisco, Susan Jordan put it: "It makes life in the underground more human than the press would like to paint it. It's much more interesting and much more real than the affidavit."

The article does appear to shoot holes in Tania/Patty's recent deposition. From a state of fear and oppressive discomfort, Tania, according to the story, grew impatient with her parents as she warmed to the politics of the SLA. "It was a political philosophy that had bored her when Weed and his doctoral student friends had discussed it in their Berkeley apartment. But Cinque's rough eloquence was more persuasive than the abstract talk of graduate students."

And here, perhaps, is the key to her "conversion": "The SLA members encouraged her radicalization. They hugged her, cal-

led her "sister" and ended her loneliness. Patty's conversion was as much emotional as political."

This, after weeks of fearsome harangues and imprisonment in "a small 'isolation chamber' approximating a San Quentin 'hole.' She became weak and could barely stand up. To be able to walk freely from one room to another seemed the world's greatest pleasure." This mixture of oppression and love is a classic formula for mind manipulation.

But the article goes on to describe Tania's apparent maturing process from a sophomore, paranoid radical who saw "pigs" everywhere, to a free spirited, courageous Huckleberry Finn figure, to a quieter more thoughtful revolutionary, tempered by long hours of reading, who "seemed to be preparing for a long term life in the underground."

Defense attorney Terence Hallinan admits that some people who saw Tania on the run believed she had genuinely converted, but, he told Barb reporter David Johnston: "I've talked to other people who saw her then who said her state was catatonic, that she had difficulty speaking, that she was completely crazed."

We also learn from this account that the glue that held the SLA together was as much the charisma of one man as it was shared political theory. "Cinque was the undisputed leader of the SLA. His experiences were of broken families, hungry children, prison bars. He was an escaped convict, a black among eight whites, a man of violence and wild

boasts. None of the others even had police records. They looked to him as a guru. Patty's conversion was proof of his power and

strength."

And the article, if it is to be believed, explodes any lingering myth of significant support for the SLA. When they first arrived on the run in San Francisco in May 1974, their first contact sent them packing with a five dollar bill. "Other SLA sympathizers wanted no part in the new underground life. A few contributed money -- but not enough to buy another car."

When the Scotts decided they had had enough the following Sep-

tember, the situation was no less bleak: "Even though several people with underground connections knew the Scotts were harboring the SLA fugitives, no one had offered to help. The Weather Underground, an organization that had hidden fugitives for five years without a single capture, had not contacted them. For two months the SLA fugitives had depended solely on the Scotts and Wendy Yoshimura."

The story (part one, that is) closes with Scott driving Tania across country once more, this time to link up with the "new team" in Las Vegas. And this "new team, including Kathy and Steven Soliah, according to the article, were the same people who had initially taken the fugitives in after the Los Angeles shootout.

The brouhaha that came down around the appearance of the story is almost as big as the story itself. Rolling Stone had been sitting on the story since before the arrests, but, according to Stone insiders, rushed it into print because bits and pieces started to leak out. Some who are negatively disposed to the story, suggest that authorities may have gained access to the story and used parts of it for their investigation.

The extraordinary security measures at Rolling Stone's printing plant in St. Louis last week ("the place was crawling with armed guards," one St. Louis reporter told the Barb) prompted intense interest in the impending story by other media. CBS employed the services of a private investigator in St. Louis and even attempted (unsuccessfully) to filch an advance copy of the story. The San Francisco Examiner was so frantic to get the story ahead of time (strong hints of financial reward to anyone who could come up with it, for example) that speculation was rife

ROLLING STONE

THE INSIDE STORY

By HOWARD KOHN AND DAVID WEIR
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PATTY HEARST and Emily Harris waited on a grimy Los Angeles street, fighting their emotions as they listened to a radio rebroadcasting the sounds of their friends dying. On a nearby corner Bill Harris dickered over the price of a battered old car.

Only blocks away, rifle cartridges were exploding in the dying flames of a charred bungalow. The ashes were still too hot to retrieve the bodies of the six SLA members who had died hours before on the afternoon of May 17th, 1974.

Bill Harris shifted impatiently as the car's owner patted a dented fender. "I want five bills for this mother."

The SLA survivors had only \$400. Reluctantly Harris offered \$350. The man quickly pocketed the money.

Minutes later Bill picked up Patty and Emily and steered onto a freeway north to San Francisco. They drove all night—the Harris in the front seat of the noisy car and Patty in back, hidden under a blanket. They were too tense to sleep, each grappling with the aftershock of the fiery deaths.

They exited twice at brightly lit service station clusters that flank Interstate 5, checking out each before picking what looked like the safest attendant. They made no other

stops and reached San Francisco in the predawn darkness. The three fugitives drove to a black ghetto with rows of ramshackle Victorians—and sought out a friend. Bill and Emily's knocks brought the man sleepy-eyed to the door. "You're alive!" Then he panicked. "You can't stay here."

The whole state is gonna be crawling with pigs looking for you." He gave them five dollars and shut the door. "Don't come back."

The Harris returned to the car and twisted the ignition key. Patty poked her head out from under the blanket. "What's the matter? Why won't it start?"

The fugitives had no choice—to continue fiddling with the dead battery might attract attention—so they abandoned the car. Walking the streets, however, was a worse alternative.

"C'mon Tania," said Emily. "You better bring the blanket. Bill and Emily both carried duffel bags. Inside were weapons, disguises and tattered books."

A few blocks away, under a faded Victorian, they spotted a crawl space, a gloomy cave for rats and runaway dogs. As Patty and the Harris huddled in the dirt under the old house, the noise of a late-night party began in the living room above. Patty gripped her homemade machine gun. "The pigs must have found the car!"

"Shhh," came a whispered response. "Shut up, goddamnit. Please shut up!"

[Continued on page 41]

Courtesy of Rolling Stone

SLA odyssey piece kicks up a fuss

Continued on page 6

Dear Barb

Osawatomie Into The Prisons

We are reprinting and distributing *Osawatomie*, the seasonal publication of the Weather Underground Organization.

The primary focus of our distribution is prisoners -- which we do two main ways: mail directly to prisoners if it is reasonably possible that prison censors will not destroy the materials, and through people and groups outside who support prisoners' struggles. We mail free (obviously) to prisoners and provide the materials (*Osawatomie* and *Prairie Fire*) free for a tiny mailing cost to anyone who will try to get them into prisons in their local areas. Any help you could provide us in this task would be greatly appreciated. For example, addresses of prison support groups or people who do political work in prisons and addresses of prisoners who would like to receive these publications.

Thanks much.

John Brown Book Club
6817 Greenwood Ave. N.
Seattle, Washington 98103

Panthers Pissed At SLA ...

So, Tanya, born Patricia Hearst, much sought after "soldier" of the alleged revolutionary army that claims responsibility for the brutal murder of black Oakland Superintendent of Schools Marcus Foster -- the same army that suffered the flaming deaths of five "close comrades-in-arms," sails into custody with clenched fist and broad smile, signing "Urban guerrilla, self-employed."

Strange, how after the murderous assault on the "safe house" in Los Angeles in June of last year, the publicly stated threat by Tanya and her mentors William and Emily Harris that they would die fighting rather than be taken by the armed might of "the fascist insects," and the caches of weapons found in their "safe house," all went so smoothly -- almost as if it had been planned.

Have you ever seen a black person arrested in this country? Have you ever seen the treatment reserved for a black American even suspected of being any kind of revolutionary, militant, or guerrilla? George Jackson, Malcolm X, Martin Luther King, Jr., Fred Hampton and scores more are all dead. Yet, these children of the white establishment come floating in on the wings of general good cheer and are sprayed with bouquets of yellow roses.

Are we expected to take seriously U.S. District Court Judge Oliver J. Carter's revocation of bail at the preliminary hearing last week? By the time you read this "Patty" will probably be ensconced in the Hearst family mansion atop one of San Francisco's several hills.

This silver spooned "urban guerrilla" was so frightened when FBI agents and cops pounded on her back door that she literally wet her pants as they entered, pistols apologetically drawn. No matter. These servants of the "fascist insects" were kind enough to permit her to change into dry pants before escorting her out of the house and into the waiting, chaffered car that would take her to her post-underground television debut.

Be on guard all you who misguidedly aided this quartet in its 19 month flight. Your honest concerns for justice and naive commitment to revolution have unwittingly made you prime targets.

"Soldier Tanya?"

Editorial,
THE BLACK PANTHER
September 29, 1975

someone is urinating
in the pool.

a dog barks
a junkie nods
a rat scurries over
back alley bricks
going home
after a hard day

at the pool.

it's a conductor
tipping his hat
announcing:

**LAST STOP
ON THE
SHO'NUFF
TRAIN**

& there is
self-actualization
reflected
in galvanized garbage cans.

on a hot summer day
broken glass
dances
beneath a child's feet
&
hop-scotch lines
turn special colors
under neon light
while
sister sally paints her face
& sells fish
on the north-east corner

of the pool.

the pool is your prison
it has
no bars
no swimming
no chlorine

it gets smaller every day
& someone is urinating
in the pool.

by Stewart Brisby,
From "Urinating In the Pool"
Copyright 1974, Pulpforms
Unltd.

The Pool



... But Rail Gets Behind Them

Both the dominant and "alternative" media have sensationalized and caricatured the SLA, projecting an image of fantasy and guerrilla theater, but that is no excuse for not supporting the SLA. Quite the contrary, you must dare to struggle against the tide of "popular" public opinion and abandon the comfort of mainstream consciousness. If necessary, you must even stand alone, as Lenin and Mao Tse-tung once did.

You speak of violence. Yes, indeed, there is violence! But we must not confuse the violence of

the oppressor with the violence of the oppressed, counter-revolutionary violence with revolutionary violence, nor violence that represses with violence that liberates. You must choose between the violence of the state and the violence of the people, the violence of the FBI and the violence of the SLA.

The global revolution is underway: the scene of battle may be the rice paddies, jungles and deserts of the third world; it may be the ghettos, barrios, reservations, prisons or streets of the U.S.; however, in this case, at this time, the scene of battle is the jailhouse and courtroom wherever the captured SLA revolutionaries may be.

The enemy, U.S. imperialism, is the common enemy of humanity. There is one struggle but many fronts of battle throughout

the world; the struggle is multi-dimensional in character, involving different forms of struggle simultaneously at many levels of development.

You support Micki and Jack Scott, who are accused of giving refuge to SLA revolutionaries and who claim they are victims of a government frameup. But why won't you support the captured SLA revolutionaries? Is it because the Scott's are "respectable" passive victims of the government and the SLA are violent soldiers waging war against that same government which has so brutally murdered so many people throughout the world?

If you supported the armed struggle of the Vietnamese, Cambodian and Laotian peoples against U.S. imperialism, then why don't you support the SLA? Or must the struggle expire at

the borders of your homeland?

If the Chilean underground would be correct in assassinating CIA and ITT chiefs in the U.S., then the Weather Underground is certainly correct in bombing ITT and Kennecott in the U.S. But that's not all. In 1967 Che Guevara issued his Message To The Tricontinental, urging the people to create "two, three, many Vietnams," calling upon them to stop applauding the Vietnamese from the sidelines and to join them and share their fate in the armed struggle. Approximately 50 revolutionary movements were then underway in the third world.

Back in the U.S. the Black Panther Party was being systematically exterminated by the police, who were serving the same function at home as the Armed Forces served in Vietnam. It was in this historical milieu that the Weather Underground Organization came into existence.

The SLA recognizes that a strategy of protracted urban guerrilla warfare is essential to the development and ultimate victory of the revolutionary movement in the U.S. Comrade George Jackson pointed out that the revolutionary movement in the U.S. must have both a political and military front if we are to achieve victory.

Following the publication of *Prairie Fire* by the Weather Underground Organization, the *Prairie Fire* Distributing Committee and others have begun discussing the need for an anti-imperialist organization on the political front that will work in harmony with the small but growing urban guerrilla formations that now constitute the military front. The SLA has taught us much. And there remains much yet to learn.

We urge everyone to support the SLA and all revolutionary underground guerrilla units, and, if you are not underground, to work toward the formation of an anti-imperialist, anti-fascist, socialist organization.

In Solidarity With The SLA

Revolutionary Anti-
Imperialist League (RAIL)

Ying Lee On SQ 6 Trial

As an elected representative of the people of Berkeley, as a woman of color, I feel it incumbent to speak out concerning the trial of six black and Latino prisoners known as the San Quentin Six now taking place in Marin County.

It is my feeling that all public officeholders have a responsibility to speak out forcefully against the blatant denial of a fair trial to these defendants as expressed in the nature of the proceedings there.

The repressive physical apparatus that has been constructed in the courtroom, the shackling and chaining of the defendants, the plastic shield constructed between the spectators and the defendants, all serve to subvert the "presumption of innocence" said to be the cornerstone of our judicial system.

I join the defense in calling for an end to these repressive measures, as well as the photographing of spectators, the pat-down searches, and the ID checks which serve to discourage attendance at the trial, and which undermine the basic judicial tenet of a public trial.

What is taking place in the Marin County courthouse is setting a new and frightening precedent for the denial of legal and human rights. Under such conditions a fair trial is not possible.

I urge all those concerned with justice to go to the trial and witness the inhuman conditions under which the defendants are fighting for their lives. I urge everyone to speak out against this dangerous precedent in jury trials before it spreads to other courtrooms in the Bay Area and throughout the country.

I support the call of the San Quentin Six Defense Committee for a statewide rally, Oct. 4, in San Francisco's Dolores Park at 1 p.m. in support of these defendants' right to a fair and public trial.

Ying Lee Kelley,
Berkeley City Council

Berkeley



Barb

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and Correspondent

Grand Jury Victim

Cindy Garvey: 'I'd Do Same Thing Again'

by Laurie Simms

Last Friday, Cindy Garvey was released from the San Francisco County Jail after serving a total of nine months for refusing to testify before the grand jury investigating the kidnapping of Patty Hearst and the Hibernia Bank robbery.

She hit the street in the midst of the Hearst media blitz around the capture of the three remaining known Symbionese Liberation Army (SLA) members and the ensuing scramble to create the Crazy-Woman-Terrorist myth, via the Patty Hearst, Sally Moore, Squeaky Fromme headlines. The political issues raised by the SLA and Cindy's own principled stand against the FBI and the grand jury system are being ignored, however. In this interview, Cindy talks about her life this past year and the reasons for her decision to go to jail rather than collaborate with the government.

Barb: How did you first become aware that the FBI wanted to interrogate you about the SLA?

Cindy: When Joe Remiro and Russell Little got busted in the Concord shootout in January of 1974, I was surprised. I heard about it on the news and that was the first knowledge I had about anybody I knew who might be involved in the SLA. My personal reaction was that I could not believe it, and then four other people I had known split the scene around the same day. Finding that out, I figured the FBI would for sure soon be coming around asking me about the SLA.

B: What was your reaction to those first attempts by the FBI to get you to talk?

C: The FBI didn't make an attempt to talk to me for quite some time, they followed me for about three and a half

months before I was subpoenaed. All that time they went to members of my family and my friends, but they didn't actually make an attempt to talk to me until about a week before they subpoenaed me. I guess they knew I had nothing to say to them.

I believe that there were Feds living across the street from me in an apartment building who kept an eye on the house. I was followed by an unmarked car every place I went. You can tell when you are being followed; I just figured they would get bored. I knew they were just waiting to see me meet somebody from the SLA or anybody I had been acquainted with being involved in it so I was going to be of no help to them.

When I heard there was going to be a grand jury, I had a sense that I might be subpoenaed. They had been to practically every member of my family and tried to make it appear that I had been involved, so I wasn't surprised. I had heard about what grand juries were about long before that, and had read pamphlets about why you don't talk to them or the FBI.

Leading Questions

B: Did you get the feeling that they were spreading rumors to your family, friends and the media?

C: From the feedback I got from my family, the FBI would ask questions that were real leading, they would make up situations that didn't exist, they would ask questions in such a way that it really looked like I was involved in something that I didn't know anything about. They were lying from the git-go, so I didn't

trust them. The grand jury is just an extension of the FBI, a tool that the Feds use when they can't get someone to talk to them.

to do with the treatment you received from the FBI and the grand jury?

C: Oh yes! I watched the Scotts, for instance. Jack Scott's father was called before the same grand jury as me. I think it was because of Jack Scott's position as a well known sports writer, and the fact that he had at least a little money that he and his family avoided getting put in jail like me.

I'm not saying that I think the Scotts should've been put in jail like me; it is just a fact that people without money get railroaded a lot quicker than people with any sort of connections and money. I had a good lawyer, but there is nothing much you can do with a grand jury. Your lawyer can't even represent you or be



Garvey: disagreement with SLA tactics, she resisted the system's bullshit, anyway.

B: What was the nature of your friendship with members of the SLA?

C: I knew some of them through other political organizations. I had worked in Vietnam Veterans Against the War (VVAW) a while back and had been close to the now defunct Venceremos, and I knew them through that work. The primary thing was my relationship with Joe Remiro. He had been my boyfriend, I guess you'd say, for about a year and we had broken up about five months before he got busted in the Concord shootout.

with you in the jury chambers. If you take the Fifth, they can grant you immunity and charge you with contempt and throw you in jail if you won't testify. They can just do that if they want to.

B: How were you regarded by other women prisoners you met in jail?

C: I got along OK, although most of them were from different lifestyles than me. Most of them were prostitutes, a lot were strung out on dope. They understood that I wasn't a snitch and they said "right on" to that.

B: Explain why you took the position against the grand jury and the FBI even though you disagree politically with the SLA.

Intimidation

B: How did your friends and family react to you being associated with the SLA and the position you took towards the FBI and the grand jury?

C: My family backed me 100 percent. They obviously didn't want me to go to jail. My Mom knew how to take it in a way 'cause both my father and my stepfather had spent time in jail, so she was kind of used to that whole scene. She felt that the FBI twisted her words around when she talked to them, so after my family had been interrogated they sort of understood why I didn't want to collaborate. My friends were supportive too 'cause a lot of them were in the same position. They knew the same people and it could've been them. The Feds were just looking for an example to intimidate people and I was it.

B: Do you think your present position as a working class woman had anything

Determination

C: I took a stand against the government. I do oppose the tactics of the SLA, but that doesn't mean that I cooperate with the government. I am fighting the system; in this case it is the grand jury bullshit. I saw the massacre that took place in Los Angeles by the cops, in May of 1974, I think Remiro and Little got railroaded, from looking at the evidence and the way they were treated, and the Harrises are in for the same treatment.

If this happened all over again, I would do the same thing. I don't trust the government -- they don't give a damn about anybody. Spending that time in jail just made me more determined to fight this system.

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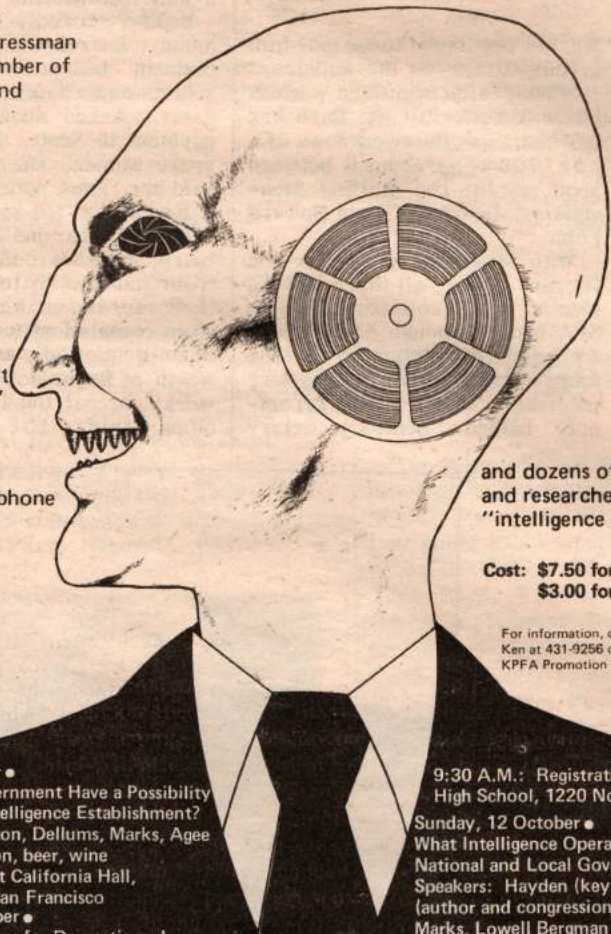
Tom Hayden
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OCTOBER
10, 11, 12

Ron Dellums
California congressman
Outspoken member of
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Friday, 10 October
Does the U.S. Government Have a Possibility of Changing the Intelligence Establishment?
Speakers: Harrington, Dellums, Marks, Agee
7 P.M.: Registration, beer, wine
8:30 P.M.: Panel at California Hall, Polk & Turk Sts., San Francisco
Saturday, 11 October
Nixon, Ford Strategy for Domestic and Foreign Intelligence: Harrington, Marks (keynoter), Rob High (NICH), Bob Borosage (Center for National Security Studies) plus workshops and panels on Spies in Your Local Police, How to be a Counterspy, The Assassinations, Labor and the Intelligence Establishment, Police Practices.

9:30 A.M.: Registration, James Lick Jr. High School, 1220 Noe St. (at 25th St.), SF
Sunday, 12 October
What Intelligence Operations Do Our National and Local Governments Need?
Speakers: Hayden (keynoter), David Harris (author and congressional candidate), Marks, Lowell Bergman (researcher and investigative reporter) plus Agee film, ACLU multi-media presentation on surveillance and workshops and panels on Disruption and Disturbance of Protest Movements, Media & Intelligence Establishments and Where Do We Go From Here?
9:30 A.M.: Registration, James Lick School, 1220 Noe St., San Francisco



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BERKELEY BEAT



Bizarre Strike Talks

by Avis Worthington

Paranoia continued to build in Berkeley around the teacher's strike this week as teachers missed a paycheck due Tuesday. By now, the barrage of information and misinformation around the strike has reached such a pitch, that the Certificated Employees Council (CEC) that represents all teachers issued this statement: "It is important for striking staff members to know that the only official news concerning developments in negotiations will be communicated to you directly by visiting CEC members or through the raspberry colored CEC bulletin. So-called hot lines and organizational sheets are not official. They are informative, sometimes interpretive, and sometimes too enthusiastic, as well as wrong." But rumors continue anyway.

The events of last Monday night were perhaps the bizzarest yet in the monthlong strike. The CEC, which had been fighting suggestions from the school board to open negotiations to the public, suddenly reversed itself, with teachers insisting on a public session with the board at the school district's Walnut Street headquarters. At that point, the following absurdist tableau unfolded:

Gene Roh, president of the board, announced that the Fire Marshall had ruled the Walnut Street auditorium too small for all those people. So he suggested the Community Theatre and the board went there. The CEC and the teachers stayed at Walnut Street, however, denouncing the Fire Marshall's ruling as a board ploy to humiliate teachers.

Then someone spoke up and said that, furthermore, Melinda Robinson, a member of the Citizens' Advisory Committee on Negotiations and a strike scab, was married to the Fire Marshall. (Robinson has become very unpopular for her conservative stand on the strike, to say the least.)

But the best information I had on the subject -- later confirmed by Robinson herself -- was that her husband was an attorney. This information apparently never reached a lot of teachers. They kept talking about what a scandal it was that the woman was not only a scab, but part of a board plot using her husband, the Fire Marshall, to put one over on teachers. And so on.

Judy Bodenhausen, president of the Berkeley Federation of Teachers, had the presence of mind to question the validity of the story. But someone else spoke up and said that no, Robinson's husband wasn't a Fire Marshall, but something else in the Fire Department. Robinson disclaims any connection with the Fire Department.

Meanwhile, the teachers were still in one building, the board in another. This situation upset postman and freelance crusader, Bill Trampleasure, who has walked all over Berkeley during the strike carrying a "love" sign. He doesn't drive a car, so he kept peddling back and forth between the Community Theatre and Walnut Street on his bicycle, urging everyone to reconsider and get under the same roof. Trampleasure also exploded a few more outrageous rumors, while the CEC phoned around looking for a "neutral place" to meet. But a lot of teachers decided it wasn't worth the effort, so they traipsed over to the Community Theatre, after all, and open negotiations finally began.

Board-hired negotiator Garry Mathiason really got excited, thinking negotiations were getting somewhere at last. But they ended that night in stalemate once more, proving only that the board and the CEC might as well have remained in their separate rooms.

Several new factors may come into play in the next week, however. The board, Congressman Ron Dellums and Wilson Riles are all pulling for some outside factfinder or mediator, for one -- and a group of parents have initiated a lawsuit asking for the same thing. At this writing, it seems as though something should give before teachers miss yet another paycheck.

A couple of years ago Berkeley voters approved an ordinance setting up a Police Review Commission (PRC.) One of the troubles the commission ran into right away was that of the liberals on the council, only Henry Ramsey, Jr. got around to appointing his commissioner early on. (Each commissioner makes one appointment.)

Friday, October 3rd, the commissioners' current two year terms are up, and the two radical councilwomen, Loni Hancock and Ying Kelley -- quick on the draw this time -- have reappointed Diane Schroerluke and Jim Chanin. The most colorful radical council member of them all, D'Army Bailey, was recalled before serving out his term, but his appointee, Bill Walker, completed his time on the commission. Walker will be with us another two years, since John Denton, elected last spring, has reappointed him.

Liberal newcomer to the council, Carole Davis, has made the only new appointment thus far -- and it has raised a few eyebrows around town. Her new commissioner, Virginia Donnell, ran for City Council in 1971, recommending that municipal court cases not have jury trials so the county could save money. She also favored a number of extra city taxes, that might reach students and other demonstrators in those politically explosive years.

William Byron Rumford, Jr., the ex-Berkeley cop who replaced D'Army Bailey, has as yet to appoint a commissioner. Nor has liberal Shirley Dean, who says she is too busy with her children home from school during the strike to interview anyone. Mayor Warren Widener is notoriously slow at making appointments, but his office says he will reappoint Walter Edwards, the present commission chairperson.

Berkeley's commission, despite the politicking and delays, is probably the only elected one in the country that still functions somewhat effectively, since virtually all the others have been rendered useless by organized opposition from police associations.

RUMPLEFORESKIN



Now That's Serious

by Paul Krassner

"I didn't believe," said Jack Anderson, "that anyone would seriously suggest murder."

He was responding to the Washington Post report that Watergate conspirator E. Howard Hunt had received an order from a senior White House official to assassinate the columnist, who never wanted to be Syndicated exactly that way.

Gosh, then maybe this means that Anderson will no longer automatically reject the theory that Michele Clark of CBS was seriously murdered, that Ruben Salazar of the Los Angeles Times was seriously murdered, and that -- 10 years ago -- Dorothy Kilgallen of the New York Journal-American was seriously murdered.

On September 3, 1965, Kilgallen's gossip column was headlined, "Patty Here Incognito," but this was a reference to actress Patty Duke rather than heiress Patty Hearst. Other items alternated between politics and show biz:

"Top-ranking Russian doctors are currently in Cuba trying to keep Che Guervava alive."

"If Phyllis Diller doesn't marry Ward Donovan (and some quarters have denied it) he's wasted at least four years of wooing."

"Internal Revenue sleuths are quietly investigating the tax reports of the most dangerous group in the nation."

"Hippies will flip when they hear Alan Jay Lerner's lyrics for *On a Clear Day You Can See Forever* -- starting with the title song, which is gorgeous. He's thought of dozens of little cuties, including 'Mind Your ESP's and Q's.'"

"A new department store is

reported to have sold \$47,000 worth of furs on opening day."

"Folk star Bob Dylan's best seller, 'Like a Rolling Stone,' has set a precedent in radio programming. It runs about six minutes -- a very long time between commercials. Columbia pressed a shortie version for disk jockeys, but they seem to prefer the original."

"The widow of Lee Harvey Oswald (now married to another chap) ever gave out 'the whole story' of her life with President Kennedy's alleged assassin, it would split open the front pages of newspapers all over the world. Even if Marina explained why her late husband looked so different in an official Dallas police photo and in the widely-printed full-length picture featured on the cover of Life magazine, it would cause a sensation. That story isn't going to die as long as there's a real reporter alive -- and there are a lot of them alive."

Two months later, Dorothy Kilgallen could no longer be included in that category. She was found dead on November 8, 1965. Murdered by Phyllis Diller.

When Arthur Miller's play about witch-hunting, *The Crucible*, was originally performed, critics assumed it to be a theatrical metaphor for the anti-communist crusade of Senator Joseph McCarthy. If it were to be performed today, though, the presentation might easily be interpreted as an examination, quite literally, of contemporary witch-hunting.

Ironically, the accusations are coming from the representatives of a government which itself is manipulated by devotees of black magic. When Daniel Ellsberg talked about 20 levels

of secrecy above his own classification, he may not even have realized the degrees of degradation to which he was referring.

The role of the news and entertainment industry is to provide diversion after diversion, as well as perpetuating the political myths that need to be covered up by all those diversions in the first place. Actor Jack Nicholson may well be a latter day personification of the Faustian legend whereby one sells one's soul to the devil as payment for personal success.

In private conversation, Nicholson has admitted to a conspiratorial view of the assassination of John Kennedy, but in considering the part of Lee Harvey Oswald in the film version of Gerald Ford's book, *Portrait of the Assassin*, he succeeds only in peeling off yet another layer of Hollywood public relations hiding the surrender of his will.

Lee, editor of the *Crafts Fair Guide*, sells balloons to kids which have a washer tied to the other end of the string, so that the planned obsolescence of balloons floating away from a careless grasp can be avoided.

However, artist Bergitta thinks that the washers constitute just one more piece of trash to clutter up a home.

Conflict, conflict, everywhere.

In New Jersey you can get busted for looking like a hooker. A woman so arrested there was officially charged with having "lascivious carriage and promiscuous demeanor."

No, it was not Betty Ford.

Paul Krassner is editor of *The Realist*, Main P.O. Box 4027, San Francisco.

Patty Saga

Continued from page 3

that the Hearst defense team had put the word out to get that story.

"You don't have to believe me," the Examiner's reporter on the story, Larry Kramer, told the Barb, "but there was no pressure on me from the Hearsts. Randy asked me casually about the story last Thursday. It titillated me; I found some things out and decided to go after it." Kramer apparently believed Rolling Stone editor Jann Wenner's alleged story about the article being delayed for at least a week and expressed bitterness at Wenner's "lying."

But the real storm broke around Jack Scott. Rumors had come out of the Examiner, via Scott -- and before the story appeared -- that the two Rolling Stone reporters had been misrepresented to Scott as legal workers employed by Scott's former attorney, Michael Kennedy.

Kennedy immediately accused Scott of being a "liar" and a "psychotic asshole." The row intensified when the story initially appeared last Monday, with charges of breach of attorney-client relationship, and counter-threats of libel flying through the air. It had the makings of a major literary scandal.

However, Scott, through his lawyer William Kunstler and the Center for Constitutional Law retracted his charges against Kennedy on Wednesday: "We're so enraged at the Rolling Stone article, because of its unprincipled attack on those in custody

and others in jeopardy that we lashed out at Michael Kennedy.

We did not intend to include him in our attack on the authors."

What really prompted such a bitter controversy, the Barb has learned, was the breakdown of a previous agreement between Scott and the two Rolling Stone authors, David Weir and Howard Kohn.

With Michael Kennedy as the literary agent, all three agreed months ago to collaborate on an SLA book, although Scott would not be listed as one of the authors. However, the prospective publisher, McGraw Hill, reportedly balked at Scott's monetary

demands and the deal fell through.

Instead, another deal was arranged for a magazine article for which, according to a highly reliable source close to Michael Kennedy's office, Scott was to receive \$7,500 in "laundered" money from Rolling Stone.

Scott reportedly refused the money, for reasons so far unexplained, but probably having something to do with the SLA arrests. Asked about the agreed payment to Scott, Rolling Stone spokeswoman, Bryn Bridenthal, said she "knew nothing about it."

Part two of the "Inside Story," according to the Rolling Stone blurb, will take the SLA story from October 1974 to the arrests. However, the article is very far from completion. In fact, Rolling Stone requested a whole year's worth of Barb back issues this week for purposes of research on part two.



Courtesy of Rolling Stone

Tania as a neo-Wyeth

IN TRANSIT

Ennui On The Tracks

by Harry Anderson

After years of cost overruns, construction delays and assorted boondoggles, BART is, if not stalled, still just creeping along the tracks.

When the first BART passenger train pulled out of Oakland in September of 1972, many of us who felt the need for a major rail resurgence in this country crossed our fingers, hoping BART would at least work. Clearly, the system was already an esthetic disaster.

There is something underwhelming in having to look down at a train coming into a platform. Moreover the cars "space age" slanted front design would, this writer knew, cause coupling problems (more money spent.) And, since the front of the lead car had been effectively sealed off, no longer would children young and old be able to look out the front window -- one of the major attractions to passengers of any rail system. For that matter, no longer would a person be able to control the train; the early BART was wholly computerized.

But, still, BART was on rails and it was electric...and it would be able to haul large volumes of people at a single bound. If the system was hardly the equal of the many viable and effective rail operations in Europe (and in America's own

past,) people still enjoyed it immensely. In fact, the early BART seemed to be the Bay Area's version of Disneyland.

The controlling powers behind BART, however -- including the giant Bechtel engineering firm -- were intent on making believe that the lessons of rail history would not -- could not -- contribute anything useful to the development of this newest of the new rail systems.

The propaganda then being distributed told us how the trains would speed along at 80 miles an hour, and promised that one day (it finally happened in 1974) we would be whisked through a tunnel under the Bay to San Francisco. The cars would, they promised, resemble aircraft straight out of "Star Trek." And they would be comfortable (if a little antiseptic.)

There was a growing feeling of discomfort among many observers, however, that the new system would bring with it more downtown high rises and monumental traffic bottlenecks, particularly in San Francisco. The idea of accessibility to people of all walks of life, as well as easy access to the system itself, didn't seem to be anywhere in the plans. The stations were incredibly far apart. It seemed as I rode the system in its first months of operation, that two kinds of people were enjoying its benefits: tourists

and big city office workers. In fact, the question loomed large as to whether BART could even properly be called mass transit.

The Barb's editor, David Armstrong, wrote a fine piece for this newspaper on BART in June of last year in which he spoke, accurately, of the interrelation between technology and politics: "Technology as legislation. Experts as advocates for special interests. These are notions foreign to the cherished American belief that technologies and experts are apolitical, utilitarian things, tools that have little bearing on cultural conditions or political choices. In fact, technologies play important parts in shaping cultural conditions and determining the range of choices."

And as early as 1960, James Bailey observed in *Architectural Forum*: "BART is more than transportation...it is the largest single act of urban design currently underway in the U.S."

I felt then, and still do, that the idiotic dedication to the computer on the part of BART's planners and builders was their single most serious blunder. Automation testing could have continued off the site of actual operation and BART could have begun years ago under manual operation until that automation was perfected. By way of contrast, it is pathetic to realize that a system built in the early 1900's is functioning today at speeds of 65 to 70 miles an hour. I speak of the Red Arrow Line in Philadelphia that, for all its antiquity, is reliable, accessible and comfortable.

The result of BART's singleminded thrust toward the futuristic is that today what could have been a beginning towards the restoration of rail transit in a country that destroyed practical rail setups like the East Bay's Key System and the Sacramento Northern and Pacific Electric, has become the subject for jokes and cynicism.

So where are we now? Now that we have BART, what do we do with it?

At present, BART is still not running at night, nor is it running on weekends. Why? No money, a factor that may be at least in part alleviated by a transit aid bill Gov. Brown signed into law, Sept. 29. Under the new law, BART will receive, among other things, funds to help build a transfer station in Richmond that would connect BART riders to AMTRAK

trains. The same legislation may also provide funds for upgrading the Southern Pacific's anemic Peninsula commuter service.

BART trains do run at the speeds heralded in promotional propaganda, but that speed is lost at each station, since trains sometimes spend up to six minutes there for fear someone may be accidentally caught in the doors by the mindless computer. No conductors, you see. Old fashioned.

Other problems of service remain. If you're in a hurry to get from San Francisco to Berkeley, for example, you'll have to change at MacArthur station, where, if you're lucky, a Richmond train will connect in five to eight minutes. For lovers of wind and rain this is often a joy, as the station is in the open.

B.R. Stokes, the man who fronted BART until his resignation last year, spoke of these problems to "In Transit" in 1973, saying the system could not wait for automation to be perfected. As he put it: "We had to bite the bullet. The system was needed and we could only realize its capability to function by beginning its operation. It's not perfect, nor is it the only method. As time goes on, though, it will be one of the finest transit systems in the world."

Time is still going on and after Stokes' departure, it became clear that the ills of the system could not be traced to one man alone. Now BART has a new manager -- Frank Herringer, fresh from a two year stint with the Urban Mass Transportation Administration in Washington. His salary for straightening things out here is a tidy \$68,500 a year. Before taking the job, he was told BART's many problems were improving.

When he got here, that myth exploded in his face. He found the snafus we've been outlining, plus the forecast -- by BART itself -- of a 1975-76 deficit of \$12 million. Now that Herringer's at the controls of BART, what will he do with it? His plans, detailed in an interview with "In Transit" will be the subject of upcoming columns.

The radio version of "In Transit" is normally heard Wednesdays at 8:30 p.m. on listener-supported KQED radio, 88.5 FM. The station is currently airing the CIA investigation hearings, however, so call 864-2051 for this week's correct time.

ST. AUGUSTINE, FLA. -- Dear Barb;

Big news up there. While I'm down here interviewing the cigarmaker, Patty gets found in the Mission.

At my right hand stands a nine inch tumbler filled with Mint Julep, which is simply a thin mask for a nine inch tumbler of bourbon. I think it's getting the better of my motor-neural system. Haven't indulged in sour mash in years and after last night's hurling between the White Lion and Trade Winds awash in Margaritas, this stuff is sending my brain into a holding pattern about 10 feet above sea level.3 (The three shouldn't have followed the period. This electric's been sneering at me ever since I began using it. The goddamn thing spits type like a puff adder.)

Am going to try to make something out of the interview with Jose Casallas, exiled Cuban cigarmaker. Christ, I don't know what but there must be some sort of quaint, local color, days-gone-by, masculine resurgence, last-bastion-of-quality handle that City or some other stylized excuse for reading would shell out a few beans for.

(See what I mean, nobody ends sentences with prepositions and gets paid. But, what the fuck, Dave, it's all downhill now. Hurry up and get your suit and start getting taco sauce, cigar burns and wine stains into it before it's too late.)

The fucking yokels down here have exposed themselves and the entire country for what they really are in the murky blood-soaked celluloid wake of *Jaws*. Some thickwaisted matron in synthetic pants that accentuate every cellulite bump and ridge from her hip to ankle, reeking of Budweiser and tartar sauce, is out on the pier north of here and reels in a hammerhead shark to the hysteria of her piermates. They proceed to rip open the mother's belly and wrench out the babies stomping on them like small piles of burning trash. Gleeful, mean shrieks, as the terror of the deep meets its conquerors.

Not an isolated incident, people are reacting in this manner all over Florida. Although the frenzy has subsided with the end of summer and the marks have stepped back up into the grey netherworlds of New Jersey, Ohio and Pennsylvania.

What I'm saying is this *Jaws* fever was strange, creepy and quite possibly harm-

'Jaws' Fever Shakes The Sunshine State

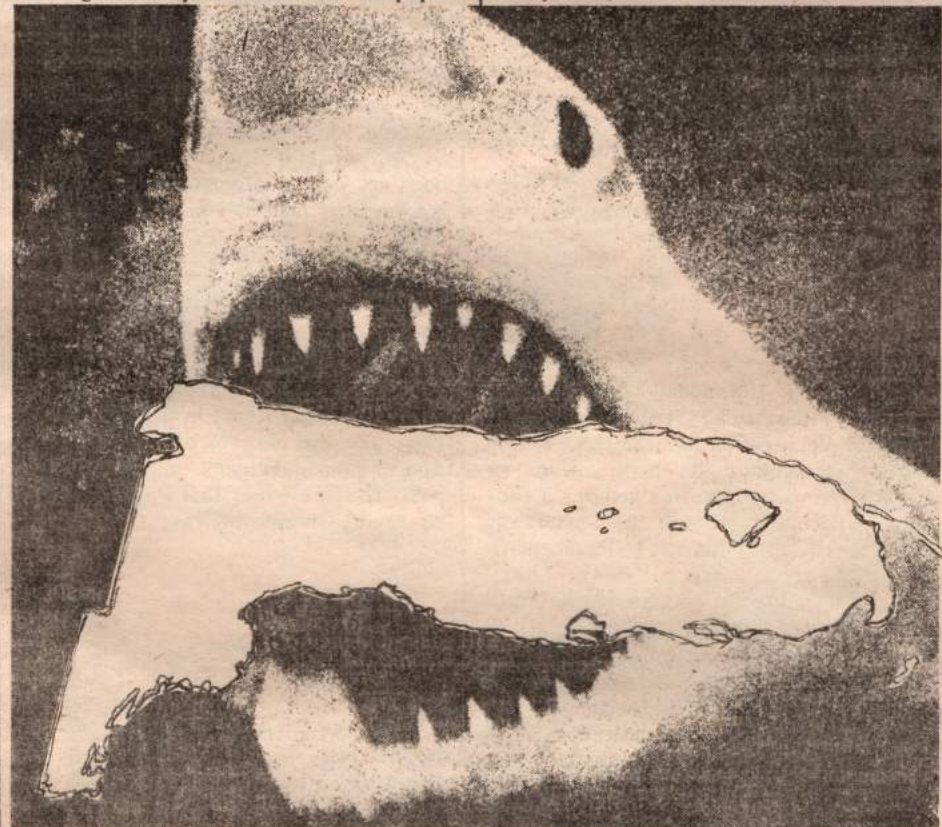
less in the long run (except, of course, to the sharks, baby whales and other large swimmers that humans got their hands on this summer.) Talking to some folks down here, bartenders mainly, Florida went apeshit, more so than any other coastal area, over shark fear. What if the picture had been about a particular ethnic group or blue jays?

What I'm staggering toward is this: if a movie can rivet a collective mind and scare the piss out of it to the extent *Jaws* did, what are the possibilities? Limitless? Or are there certain points where they just won't stand still for it?

The goddamn picture is the most popu-

lar film ever. Used to be *The Sound of Music*, *Gone With The Wind*, then a darker streak emerged, *The Godfather*, *The Exorcist* now a 26 foot shark. Of course, all this means nothing. Time and Newsweek's coverage of Squeaky's grandstanding was gushing with paranoia like an open artery. Helter-Skelter.. C H O P CHOP.. they love it.

When you listen to hours of afternoon, off-work (off-the-wall) bar chatter you begin to get glimmerings of why the horror show is the only thing left to stimulate dormant brain cells in this parallel world of television and air conditioning. My God, men don't even talk about



What if the movie was about a particular ethnic group, or blue jays?

sports anymore. The old ones do, of course. But the under fifties are talking about comparative brand name appliances, short-change insurance, premixed food. It sounds like a stupified mimicry of all the TV commercials you've ever heard. It's frightening, sad and worst of all, ultimately uninteresting.

There is no revolution. All the shit that's going down in California is over and seems to be, to have been simply a distraction. (I think, seem to remember, that I write this sort of "chest fevered" missive every time I leave that self-congratulatory state which VERY SOON will split like a chilled Hershey bar and fall into the Pacific. Yes, yes, it IT is on its way. No fucking doubt.

The bourbon is down to about four inches.

James Jones (*From Here To Eternity*) was on latenight "talk" show. He suggests that the cities should go on festering and become recreation areas in which bored suburbanites can find stimulus by walking the streets with guns inviting the risk of being killed or being killer.

The tone of this thing is getting a tad too grim. I've just eaten a turkey sandwich on rye bread with barbecue sauce and things are looking up, the sun's even gone up a few kilowatts. Also I just caught a mental picture of Berkeley huddling under one of those fogbanks which are produced by Chinese scientists to lull us Americans into suicidal moods. HaHaHaHaHaHaHaHaHa, I'm not there!

Say hello to that drugcrazed Italian, Albert and have him mail the rag down here, pull the ads and include the anniversary issue. Margaret wants to see it and I didn't bring one. I've got some sort of rash bubbling up on my little finger, right hand, and I'm convinced the disease was caused by working on that godforsaken issue.

Give my regards to Leslie, Andrew, Steve, Jeff and the rest of that marooned office. Dave and Janet I think I shall write. Although they don't deserve the discomfort of wading through what will be an even more incomprehensible mire than this has been.

Down to two inches.

My hands are making vague circular motions before striking the keys. This is goodbye.

Michael Reynolds

Mexico: Guerrillas True And False

Special to the Barb

by Pepe Delicado

MEXICO CITY -- Marguerita comes from a wealthy Mexican family. In 1968, she was active in the student movement and when demonstrators were shot and killed by the police she joined an urban guerrilla group. And she wasn't alone. A significant number of her friends joined other clandestine organizations. When faced with government machine guns and the incineration of radicals it seemed that the only way to extend the radical tradition of Flores Magon and Emiliano Zapata was through the bomb and the rifle.

Marguerita was married and had a son. One night she came home and told her husband that she would be leaving, that he might never see her again, that he should try not to worry about her and to please take care of their son Julio. She gave no more information and though her husband had suspicions he asked no questions. That night Marguerita packed a suitcase and left home.

A week later, her husband read in *Excelsior* that an ambassador had been kidnapped. When the ransom was paid and the hostage released the guerrillas distributed a million pesos in cash to poor people buying maize, tortillas and frijoles at the Conasupo, the government operated store. The five and 10 peso notes were wrapped inside a leaflet that talked about starvation and the high price of food, and shoppers received one as they entered the store.

A few weeks passed and Marguerita was captured by the police, probably because of an informer. She had hidden a million pesos under her mattress and this sum was confiscated by the police and shared by the officers themselves, though they testified in court that she had spent

the money frivolously. The guerrillas themselves boasted that another million pesos had been spent on arms, and the government began a frantic search for the weapons.

Marguerita was found guilty and sentenced to 30 years in prison. She is in jail today and since this is International

that rose out of the student movement of the late Sixties have been destroyed by the government, and the survivors have re-evaluated their strategy and tactics. For the most part they are critical of the steps taken. Most of them have not condemned armed struggle in general, but they have criticized their own groups for being



Women's Year, her case has received some attention. A committee is pressing for her release. Her husband, who is now an engineer, visits her regularly, and she gets mail from her seven year old son Julio, who is living and studying in Cuba.

Lucio Cabanas

Marguerita is lucky; she is still alive. Many of her comrades are dead, and some of the bodies have never been recovered. Most of the urban guerrilla organizations

small and isolated, made up of students and intellectuals who had tenuous connections with the urban poor. Their actions were undertaken on behalf of the oppressed, and in their interest, but not with their help or their consultation. They were independent acts, often righteous but isolated.

On the subject of armed groups there is general agreement among the radicals with whom I have spoken. Though they are sharply critical of the guerrilla cliques, they have high praise for Lucio Cabana's rural guerrilla movement. Teresa, a woman active in the struggles of 1968 and who hid a guerrilla leader in her

apartment for several weeks (her introduction to clandestine life) told me: "Unlike ours, Cabana's movement was rooted in the peasant life of Guerrero; it answered their needs, spoke to their dreams, and for this reason he was protected by the people year after year. He was so loved that he could walk down the main street of a town, unarmed, and be greeted with 'buenos dias' from every quarter."

Mexico has an abundance of slain guerrilla heroes. The government wants dead guerrillas but it does not want martyrs and legends, and it has done everything in its power to prevent the growth of a Lucio Cabanas myth. But the government is losing the campaign, not in dramatic battles, but in a protracted war with many fronts, many small armies operating independently and with little direct contact with fellow soldiers.

"The problem we are trying to solve," Teresa said (she now works with an above-ground, leftwing organization) "is to bring peasants and proletarians into an organization with ideology, discipline and strategy. Otherwise, though there are brave actions, too many people are needlessly killed and nothing much changes."

Despite the criticisms, despite the death of Lucio Cabanas, despite Marguerita's long prison sentence urban and rural activity goes on. It is a daily phenomenon, but it is difficult to determine the depth of this activity because the newspapers (largely controlled by the government, or rightwing) do not accurately report guerrilla activity. But sometimes information leaks out. One morning I heard a news report on the radio: government troops using helicopters were closing in on a small guerrilla band in Guerrero; the group was led by Lucio Cabanas' son. And then there were no further announcements.

Provocateurs

To find out about dead guerrillas or guerrillas in jail is one thing, but to get hard facts on living guerrillas engaged in day to day activity and in hiding from the police, is another.

First of all the guerrillas themselves do not give away many clues. Second, the government gives away false or misleading information. They call anyone who carried a gun, robs a bank, shoots a policeman a "bandit," but that's what they called Villa, Zapata, Cabanas. And

Panama: Is A Canal War Coming?

by Richard O'Mara

WASHINGTON, D.C., (PNS) --The U.S.-occupied Panama Canal is likely to ignite the next crisis in U.S.-Latin America relations, even as a confrontation builds in Washington over whether to give the Canal Zone back to Panama. The Canal Zone, a 50-mile long, 10-mile stretch of land cutting through the mid-section of the isthmian nation -- and the Americans who occupy it -- have over the years caused as much discord and disharmony as any other issue or group within the hemisphere.

Now the State Department, under Henry Kissinger, wants to yield to Panama on the issue, while the Pentagon and its allies in Congress insist on standing pat. The secretary, in fact, stands pretty much alone on the issue within the Ford Administration.

Kissinger agrees with many experts on international politics that U.S. control of the Canal and Zone is an anachronism today. Last February, Kissinger signed a declaration of principles with the Panamanian foreign minister calling for an eventual transfer of sovereignty over the Canal Zone to the Panamanians.

Negotiations to work out a new treaty started immediately -- with this fall set as the target date for its ratification. But there is hardly a chance that will happen now.

The single most important point stalling the treaty is the issue of U.S. troops in Panama. The Canal Zone is headquarters for the U.S. Southern Command,

which controls 11,000 troops and civilian military personnel spread over 14 bases.

General Omar Torrijos, president of Panama, has said that Panama could not accept any new treaty that provides for the continuation of American troops there. "Either the colonial situation disappears or it doesn't," he says.

Torrijos is supported in his stand by the presidents of Panama's immediate neighbors -- Venezuela, Colombia and Costa Rica -- and by such politically diverse Latin American countries as Mexico, Argentina, Peru, Cuba and even Brazil, a staunch U.S. ally and the most powerful nation in South America.

But the Pentagon is adamant. It wants to "keep troops on the ground" for the defense of the Canal.

Another Vietnam

In March, 37 U.S. senators, led by conservative Republican Strom Thurmond, signed a declaration that the U.S. should surrender none of its prerogatives in Panama. Since all treaties require a two-thirds affirmative vote by the Senate, any new accord with Panama would seem to be doomed at the outset.

More recently, in a swipe at the State Department, the House of Representatives approved an amendment canceling operating funds for the American team negotiating with the Panamanians.

This group is headed by Ambassador-at-Large Ellsworth Bunker, who has publicly warned that if the issue is not soon resolved Panama could become another Vietnam.

Former Army Secretary Howard H. Calloway summed up the depth of conservative civilian and military opposition to concessions to Panama when he said recently: "The current period of U.S. control over the Canal is in perpetuity -- and some say that perpetuity is not enough."

Calloway heads President Ford's reelection campaign. Indications are that the Ford Administration, except for Kissinger, would like to put the Canal issue on the back burner, at least until after next year's election. The President, according to knowledgeable sources in the State Department and on Capitol Hill, does not want to alienate the right wing of his party by making concessions on the Canal.

Many conservatives fear that Panama has not shown itself politically stable enough to run the vital waterway efficiently. The U.S. has a substantial financial stake in the Canal, which is critical for world trade. (Grain and fuel, the two most essential items in the world economy, are the cargoes of highest transit.) And many Americans in the import-export business fear that Panama might charge exorbitant toll rates.

Rigid Opposition

Rigid opposition has arisen within the Canal Zone itself to a new treaty. The Zone is an air conditioned ghetto, a small fenced plot of American suburbia. Its inhabitants largely possess the chauvinism



characteristic of all colonists of great and powerful empires residing in foreign countries. They fiercely resist all attempts to change the status quo.

There is a widely shared belief among the nearly 5,000 civilians in the Zone that the land actually is American. (The total population of the Zone, including military and civilian personnel, is about 15,000.) "Zonians" of the second and third generation especially regard the Zone and Canal as American because it was built by Americans, at a great cost in lives and money. Asking them to give it up is like asking a Texan to surrender the Alamo to the Mexicans.

Besides their emotional commitment, Zonians have a simple practical reason to resist change: If the Canal is returned, most of them will lose their jobs. At present they hold most of the posts in the Panama Canal Co., the agency that runs the waterway. They work on the military bases and run the police and fire departments, Zone restaurants and movies.

In contrast to the splintered opinion in the U.S., Panamanians are as one on the issue of the Canal: They want it back.

Panama, now awakening to its predicament



Mexico's frozen revolution: for the people, nothing has changed

if they aren't called bandits they are labeled "madmen," literally insane. Then, too, parts of the left are opposed to guerrilla activity and claim that the guerrillas are an invention of the government.

In part, this is true; the Mexican government does use agent provocateurs, and it has its own secret army, but not all clandestine groups are government sponsored. The aim of the government is to create confusion, to blur the lines between the true and the false guerrillas, to make the Mexican people suspicious of all armed groups.

After I heard the story of the hunt for Lucio Cabanas' son I went to see my friend Manuel. I have known him for almost a year. The third time I saw him, I brought him a copy of *Osawatimie*, and since he was curious, I offered him the meagre information I had on the Weather Underground. Then he stood up, went to his bookshelves (he has a few thousand books in his living room) and with the

remark, "the best place to hide a rare stone is among other stones," he took a book from the shelf so quickly that I could not see the exact spot it had been. On the outside, it was an old 18th century Spanish edition of *Don Quixote*, but when I opened it I saw that it was a manual for armed struggle with diagrams and "how to" instructions.

Manuel is a solid revolutionary, but he throws up his hands when confronted with the problem of distinguishing the genuine from the fake guerrillas. However, he did offer me one piece of information. It seems that half a dozen guerrillas are claiming that they are the sons of Lucio Cabanas. Most of them make the claim metaphorically, but one man claims that Cabanas is actually his father.

While he was still alive, the Mexican police presented to the public a woman they said was Cabanas' mistress. Then they went to his wife and asked her to denounce her own husband. After all, they argued, why should she protect an unfaithful husband? But her response was, "I don't believe she's his mistress. You've just found her on the street. And even if it were true it wouldn't bother me. So what? He's a revolutionary."

Bloody Battle

Meanwhile, the true guerrillas are at work, and the guerrilla movement is growing for the same old reasons that guerrilla activity has always sprung up overnight like the corn in the fields. The people are dying; they are dying of starvation, disease, ignorance. There is fertile Mexican land, and there is corn in some corn fields, but there is a bitter, bloody fight for control of the land. On one side are the rich and the powerful, and on the other side the poor and the powerless.

In the state of Chiapas, the Chamula Indians are dying of starvation. In the states of Guerrero and Vera Cruz, there have been battles between peasants and caciques (local political chiefs) who more often than not are also tied to the big financial interests. These caciques are little dictators, or *cadillos*, who want to become big *cadillos* like Porfirio Diaz, the dictator who ruled and robbed Mexico from 1876 to 1911. These caciques are greedy and their greed can be most immediately satisfied when they take the land of the small, independent Indian tribes gathered together on *ejidos*, the common or communal land.

A few weeks ago, the cacique in a town in the state of Vera Cruz shot down a few dozen Indians, burned their corn fields, levelled their houses, and completely destroyed the government built school. Indian children were learning to read and write and were becoming increasingly dangerous. The Indians fought back.

The cacique was armed with a machine gun. The Indians charged him, he squeezed the trigger and held it there for a good 15 seconds. Half a dozen men fell before their comrades reached the cacique and pointed his machine gun, still firing, into the ground. They captured him, tied his arms and legs to four work horses, drove the horses in four different directions and the cacique was no more.

All over Mexico there is a battle for land and for water, precious water, because without water there can be no crops and without crops no life. And this battle is not simply fought between the small *ejidos* and the local *cadillos*; there is a greater power at work. Over the Mexican land is the spectre of the multi-national food corporation. The jolly green giant and Del Monte stalk the countryside buying up land and changing the traditional agriculture. Maize and frijoles are disappearing and cash crops for the world

market are taking their place. In the words of a contemporary poet, there is "No invading army/ No napalm/ No marines at the halls of Montezuma/ But the slow coca cola poison of/ Northern conquest."

Revolution

There is also the factor of international revolution. President Echeverria has just returned from a tour of Third World countries. His last stop was Cuba. Every night for three or four hours, Mexican TV had live coverage of Echeverria and Castro in Havana. Fidel came into millions of Mexican homes.

There are many leftwing critics of the President who say this is all show. They tell a joke about Echeverria. There are three chauffeur-driven cars and each reaches a fork in the road. Chile's Pinochet is in the first car and he tells the driver to take the right fork. Next, Castro tells his driver to take the left fork. When Echeverria reaches the fork he tells his chauffeur to signal left and go right. Perhaps this is his strategy, but a chunk of the Mexican bourgeoisie hates him for going to Cuba and embracing Castro.

The poor Mexican worker and peasant hasn't much faith in his president either. Echeverria makes fine speeches, he attacks the caciques, but there are few changes in the village. People are still hungry, and the caciques are still powerful. And yet, there is the image of Fidel Castro, the greatest living guerrilla leader and revolutionary in Latin America on their television sets, and that is a compelling image.

September 16 is Mexico's Independence Day, the biggest holiday of the year. Fidel's brother Raoul is here for the celebration. This year, President Echeverria went to the city of Dolores Hidalgo in the state of Guanajuato to ring the liberty bell with which the Indian rebel Hidalgo signaled the start of the War of Independence against the Empire of Spain over 150 years ago. Then he shouted, as is the custom, "Viva Hidalgo," "Viva Juarez," "Viva los Herpes de la Independencia."

This year, for the first time in Mexican history, he uttered the cry, "Viva el Tercer Mundo" -- "Long Live the Third World." Then he walked through the crowds to the jail where Hidalgo freed the Indians who had been imprisoned by their Spanish masters. Echeverria reenacted the event by symbolically freeing the inmates in the jail.

On the 16th of September there is a great deal of pomp and ceremony, but it remains to be seen how much substance there is behind all this ritual. Will Echeverria's cry, "Viva el Tercer Mundo" be translated into a political and economic reality by the Mexican Government? Will the prisoners in today's jails in fact be released, and granted their freedom by the regime? Will the gestures of liberation take on new substance? Is it an empty slogan or a battle cry of the oppressed and exploited? "Viva Mexico."

How indeed will Mexico live -- in bondage to Northern corporations, to its own rapacious and decadent bourgeoisie, or as a free and independent land? That is still, 65 years after the start of the Mexican Revolution, the unanswered question.



ment as a colonized country, literally cut in half by a foreign enclave, originally lost the Canal Zone to the U.S. "in perpetuity" in the Hay-Bunau Varilla Treaty of 1903 -- when Panama was a weak, disorganized, fledgling nation. President Theodore Roosevelt engineered the treaty in return for supporting Panama's successful bid to gain independence from Colombia.

The Panamanians believe their territorial claim is morally superior to U.S. claims of hegemony. They are counting on the moral issue to help counterbalance the obvious military superiority of the U.S., and so far it has effectively swayed other Latin American nations to its support.

But the military issue represents an impasse, and possibly makes all negotiations moot. It is the joker in the game. And many in Panama, and elsewhere in Latin America, are becoming convinced that the only way to break the roadblock is violence.

Richard O'Mara is a staff writer for the Baltimore Sun. Until recently he was the Sun's Latin American bureau chief.



1968 Mexico City massacre

Four More East Bay People's Places

by Barbara L. Baer and A. Levitin

In the Barb's anniversary issue several weeks back, we began a survey of people's places in the East Bay that spotlight a variety of goings-on, self-initiated and otherwise. We continue that survey this week with a look at these dance and poetry places, the Bacchanal, the Cat's Paw and La Salamandra.

The Bacchanal, 1369 Solano, Albany. This little bar tucked away in Albany is a place women can go at night, alone or with friends, to drink, rap, have a sandwich anytime from 7 p.m. until 2 a.m., Tuesday through Sunday nights.

Feminist writers who most likely wouldn't be reading at Salamandra -- where there's a tendency to make women into stars, applauded by men -- appear upstairs in the loft at Bacchanal. Susan Griffin, Sandy Boucher and Susan Efros have read there in the past month. The Plexus staff also gets together at Bacchanal after putting together an issue. There's usually a photography exhibit or paintings upstairs, and weekend nights there are women's bands, dances and folksinging.

Week nights the bar is quiet. Couples of women, talking seriously, intimately, remain aloof to a stranger. You don't just barge in -- maybe bring a book or a paper. The bar space is really pleasant: a curving voluptuous background of mirror and

wood stands behind bottles of wine and beers (soft drinks and fruit juices and snacks are available too.)

Upstairs there are also some tables, and in the back there's another darker, reddish-lighted space for dancing, or just talking. The feeling at Bacchanal is strongly private. It's a place where women can get together or sit at a bar and drink by themselves.

Cat's Paw Palace of Performing Arts, 2547-A 8th Street, occupies a block long warehouse on a dark, somewhat forbidding street. Its light, behind a single entry, beckons like the doorway Steppenwolf followed into the garden.

Inside you won't find a garden but a beautiful 3000 square foot hardwood floor. The night we visited Cat's Paw, about 20 bodies were moving about in the dim light to tape recorded Beatles, Ravi Shankar, Latin American beat and rock. Around the room, like free-floating molecules, the dancers moved, each in his or her own space, style, psyche.

The music was merely the starting point for the dancers to begin their solitary trip into themselves with the music. No two bodies seemed particularly attracted to each other; none were performing for another. One girl designed her dance around the pattern of a boy near her, but didn't come close to him. Women outnumbered men about four to one. Some dancers leapt, others whirled, pirouetted. Some stood quite still, eyes shut, swaying

to the music. Others methodically circled the floor using the whole space. A brief smile was exchanged as dancers passed each other by, like boats signaling in the night.

We went back to talk to founder-animator Margret Fisher, familiarly known as Ma Fish, herself a dancer and producer of events at Cat's Paw. The building is run by a non-profit corporation and used daily for classes and evenings for "free-dances" and for performances. Groups like Footloose, Contact Improvisation, Dance/Theater Improvisation use the space and offer instruction. Ms. Fisher teaches Hatha Yoga.

People who want to experiment -- whether it's dance or music or video or a cross-cutting of any one or more arts -- are welcome to use Cat's Paw as a performing space. But people "who just want to perform, who just want to do a performance," are not, according to Ms. Fisher. "This is a non-dharmic space, a sacred space, with a sacred energy," she told us.

In the coming weeks Terry Sendgraff will be presenting, "On The Eve Of My 42nd Birthday," a command performance after last year's success. *Tooth of Crime*, a play by Sam Sheppard, directed by Bob Kippur, will play weekends in November, while the Footloose Dance Company will launch a new season early in December.

After we said goodbye to Ms. Fisher and her cat, we passed out through the dancers, whose happily isolated bodies suggested leaves being whirled in the wind. Though each person turned upon and seemed reliant on themselves, they also formed a pattern beyond their control. Each person, so determined to be individual, to dance freely, could be seen by us as part of a pattern.

You can have the experience of watching or of dancing. You might even find a double at Cat's Paw.

La Salamandra, 2516 Telegraph, Berkeley's prime poetry space since readings were discontinued at the Starry Plough, La Salamandra is fast gaining a 'reputation.' While the clientele in the front room sip coffee and chew baklava, in the dark room in the back, poetry is being loosed on the crowd. All kinds of poetry, all kinds of shows.

One night, for example, a pale woman in black lace mounted the platform and opened a suitcase full of dolls. She talked to them, read her poetry, involved many in the audience with these symbols. Following her act, a very different type of lady took the mike. She was wearing boots and satin and jeans when she took

her big steps across the stage. In gun-packing images, in a singsong voice, she seduced the microphone. The audience loved her, requested more, impressed by this tall-standing lady half out of Warhol and half formed in some empty cross-country spaces.

Next came a black guy, who, to emphasize his situation, stripped to beads and big belly under the lights. He didn't get hauled off for exposure, nor did he make much of an effect. The audience was pretty cool, itself.

Meanwhile, up front, one waiting poet was getting plastered on bummed wine. Michael Reynolds, who had read his long running lines earlier in the evening, bringing his myths and his distances into the smoky room, suggested this poet get on his feet.

Drunk poets didn't read as well as sober ones. But by then the back room was 20-deep in people all sitting on each other's laps and smoking. Poetry had really become theatre -- and though La Salamandra hosts plays and music -- the readings are center ring in this verse



A Salamandra comic

circus.

Ashkenaz, 1317 San Pablo, the friendly hall where you can learn and then dance the folk and ethnic numbers of many lands every night of the week, has been covered in these pages. The place is still very much alive, though the hassle between manager Dave Nadel and his landlady, Cynthia Green, is soon going to court.

Nadel has already staged one successful anti-eviction evening, and on October 10 he plans another big night of dance and entertainment to raise legal fees. Six groups are performing: Bal-Anat (Middle Eastern); Danica (Eastern European vocalists); Golden State Cloggers (Afro-Asian clogs); Khadia (Hungarian ethnic music Ensemble); Patricia Kennerly (Irish step-dancing); Native American dancers Tall Tree, Stephanie Romeo and Kathleen McDougall (Mayan).

The price is \$2 and includes an all night dance party, with a Bulgarian Folk Ensemble known as Bitov, that promises to raise the roof on landlady and guests alike.



Cat's Paw: each with their own psyche, space, style

Loren Listens To 'Listen'-And Likes It

by Loren Means

I've been listening to Listen, and I like what I hear. And I'm especially encouraged by the fact that in these sad times there's at least one band that's getting better instead of worse.

I came to Listen through Richard Waters, the phenomenal instrument maker I wrote about in the December 27, 1974 issue of the Barb. At that time I was rather disappointed in the band's fairly pop-oriented, tonal base, especially compared to the very challenging experimental band Richard had played with before, the Gravity Adjusters Expansion Band.

Then I lost track of the band for a while, but caught them again when they played at Golden Gate Park Sept. 20, and an underpublicized gig at the Keystone Korner Sept. 22. The band has changed, and in very encouraging ways.

One of the most noticeable changes in the band is their new drummer. Listen started out with Terry Bozzio, who at that time was working with at least three different bands simultaneously.

The problem seemed to be that Terry needed strong leaders to take his cues from, and Listen hadn't formulated its direction fully enough to keep Terry's boundless exuberance in check.

But now Terry is in Los Angeles with

Zappa, and he's been replaced by George Marsh, an extremely versatile and intelligent drummer who has played in the very demanding contexts of pianists Denzyl Zeitlin and Art Lande, and who teaches at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. The difference is striking -- George is so flexible, so creative and so strong, yet quiet. It's amazing how much difference one personnel change can make to a band.

Another difference is in the playing of reedman Mel Martin. I've always respected Mel as a competent, and again a very versatile player, who seemed to be wasting his time in Azteca. But lately he's emerging as the strongest reedman around, especially on tenor. Richard gave me a clue as to why the change: Mel went to the dentist and had one of his teeth filled down a miniscule amount to even out his bite on the mouthpiece. Again, the difference is amazing. Mel gets around on flute, alto and bass clarinet, but he really gets it on tenor, burning his way through originals like "Mel's Drive In" and generating incredible excitement.

But the most striking sound in the band is still Andy Narell's steel drums. Andy and his brother Jeff, who plays with Salsa de Berkeley, are the heavy steel drum players in the Bay Area, and so far as I know Andy is the only jazz steel drum-

mer. The brothers learned the instrument from their father, who was one of first to bring the instrument to this country from Trinidad.

Andy is also an excellent pianist (he turned down a chance to go with the Pointer Sisters because he preferred the challenge of Listen), but he could become a major force on steel drum. Especially in conjunction with Mel's bass clarinet, on tunes like "Free," he has a haunting sound that's completely unique.

The other dudes in the band are excellent, and growing all the time. Dave Creamer is currently the only guitarist I enjoy listening to -- he sounds only like himself, and is playing out of a bag that's all his own, improvising cyclical melodic structures that are always provocative. Dave played with Miles Davis, but the experience doesn't seem to have hurt him any.

Bassist Dave Dunaway plays electric bass almost exclusively. He played with pianist Mike Nock, and is trying to expand the possibilities of the bass as a solo instrument in a manner somewhat similar to that of Steve Swallow, who also played with Nock. And Dunaway seems to be one of the few players around who can integrate rock elements into a jazz context without doing injustice to both.

On "Red Light, Green Light," for instance, he plays the hoary dotted-eighth-sixteenth-quarter vamp from Fifties rock and roll (it's the rhythm in "Shake, Rattle & Roll," but plays it so legato that it flows as a jazz rhythm).

Percussionist Glen Cronkite has amazing credentials, including work with Harry Partch, John Cage, Herbie Hancock and Boz Scaggs. I dug him most when he accompanied Mike Nock in his synthesizer

concert at the Planetarium in 1972. Glen has a mindboggling range of sounds at his disposal, and can also play melodies on his tuned bells and straight time on his congas.

But the most unusual thing about Listen is still the instruments Richard Waters brings to it, especially his phenomenal and unique Waterphone. Most bands only use one percussionist, but Richard is more than that -- whenever there's a sound you can't identify coming from the band, it's coming from Richard -- that's what he's there for.

It's still too hard to hear most of Richard's instruments through the density of the band, since he's very much committed to acoustic sounds, so he's always at a disadvantage in this band. But the more flexible the band gets, the more they integrate into what Richard is doing, which is as it should be.

Another dominating strength of Listen is in the writing. Everyone in this band writes, and all the compositions are unusually complex and ambitious. Andy Narell's compositions are especially striking, and usually consist of at least three themes in distinct sections, as in his "Mountains of Madness." And all the writing manages to combine intellectual stimulation with room to blow, and pleasing (and often haunting) melodic line.

All in all, Listen is turning into the most satisfying and exciting band around. That would be more of a compliment if the rest of the musical scene weren't so abysmal. But it's a compliment in any case, and these cats deserve it.

Listen will play at the Noe Valley Street Fair, 24th Street and Noe, at 1 p.m. Oct. 5. Then they'll play the Great American Music Hall Oct. 9. Come out and encourage them -- maybe it'll start a trend.

Black Films That Aren't Blaxploitation

by J.N. Thomas
First of Two Parts

ONE OF THE MOST interesting facets of modern American cinema is the emergence of the black film. Of course, it's no secret that most so called black films are made, distributed and shown by white entrepreneurs. As late as 1972, there were no black-owned theaters in New York, only four in Chicago, and very few black production companies.

Under such circumstances, it is an indication of the strength and tenacity of black film artists that any progressive black films are made at all. Even when they are, they are often unable to compete against the omnipresent Hollywood system, and thus languish in storage or play to tiny specialty houses, never reaching the audiences for which they're intended.

In studying black cinema in America, perhaps the best place to start is outside its white-owned borders. By seeing what independent, revolutionary black filmmakers in Africa and elsewhere are doing, relatively unencumbered by racist economic and social pressures, one gains an idea of what is possible.

Probably the foremost African filmmaker is Ousmane Sembene of Senegal. Sembene began his artistic career as a novelist, but turned to film as a means to reach his people who did not read his written language, French. His films include the shorts *Barom Serret* and *Tauw* and the features *Black Girl*, *Mandabi*, *Emitai* and *Xala*.

Sembene's unusually slow-moving, somber films are as different from "blaxploitation" as can be imagined. Within his films are brutal tragedy, a clear-eyed view of decolonization, ethnology, a sharply satirical humor reminiscent of surrealism (in *Xala*) and a profound concern for those extraordinary heroes and heroines -- ordinary people.

Sembene is also a true feminist filmmaker; his women characters are invariably strong, empathetically observed, and very often initiate whatever action takes place. All his films have been shown in the Bay Area at least once, and some months ago Sembene -- a dynamic and articulate individual -- made several appearances in San Francisco and Berkeley.

'Cinema Novo'

Another outstanding African director is Ruy Guerra from Mozambique. Exiled from his homeland some years ago, Guerra became one of the leading figures in the "Cinema Novo" group in Brazil. Among his films are *The Guns*, *Sweet Hunters*, and *The Gods and the Dead*.

One of the most exciting films of recent years is *The Harder They Come*, directed and co-written by a young white Jamaican, Perry Henzell. Based on a

true incident, Henzell shaped the story around his favorite reggae songs (creating an uncanny blend of sound and image) and filmed it in the Kingston slums with an almost entirely local and non-professional cast.

Within America itself, the documentary has traditionally been the only field where one might hope to see a comparably well made black film, probably because documentaries are much less commercially motivated and controlled. With rare exception, the best documentaries on black life in America have focused on two



Ousmane Sembene: leading African director

areas: political struggle and music.

The roots of radical films in America go back farther than can actually be documented at present (radical films are known to have been made as early as the Twenties, but evidently lost.)

For our purposes, two films from the Forties are particularly important. *Native Land* (1942), directed by Leo Hurwitz and still photographer Paul Strand and narrated by Paul Robeson, was probably the first consciously Marxist film made in America, and still exerts a surprisingly strong influence; *The Negro Soldier* (1944), was seen by almost everyone (part of the war effort, you know,) and for many it was their first introduction to some of the realities of black history.

Nine years later, a black writer on *The Negro Soldier*, Carlton Moss, made the almost unknown but very fine short, *Frederick Douglass: The House on Cedar Hill*. In 1958, Lionel Rogosin made *Come Back, Africa*, which featured young Miriam Makeba. A fusion of documentary and fiction techniques, the film was made underground in South Africa and had to be smuggled to New York to be printed.

Civil Rights

The wave of civil rights activity in the South in the early Sixties was documented in very few films (most of the film activity going to TV,) but a few of fair quality exist: *Harvey Richards' We'll Never Turn Back*, *Warren Forman and Harold Becker's Ivanhoe Donaldson*, and *The Streets of Greenwood*, by Jack Willis, Fred Wardenburg, and John Reavis, Jr. In 1970, William Bayer used this period for his fiction film, *Mississippi Summer*, made with a grant from the American Film Institute.

The rise of the Black Panther Party has been partially documented almost from the beginning, although few films came directly from the Party. The single most powerful of these films is *The Murder of Fred Hampton*. It stands as a legal indictment of the assault forces, a detailed exposure of their excuses and hypocritical trickery. Fred Hampton was one of the most forceful, unforgettable black personalities ever caught in action by a film camera.

Two young black women have recently emerged as promising documentarists, Yolande DuLart with *Angela: Portrait of a Revolutionary*, and Madeline Anderson, with her short film about a black hospital workers' strike in Charleston, South Carolina, *I Am Somebody*.

Perhaps the most outstanding of all black documentaries is *Finally Got the News*, produced in 1970 through a collaboration of the League of Revolutionary Black Workers and Detroit Newsreel. Though not without weak spots *Finally Got the News* is a stunning film by any standard. It records an essentially dramatic story -- the organization of a grassroots union within the auto workers -- with exemplary political and artistic effect. It points out the victorious thrust of oppressed people who have "finally got the news how our dues are being used!"

More recent films have not improved on *Finally Got the News*, though there are signs some great ones are due to emerge. Among the best are Cinda Firestone's feature, *Attica*, an enormously powerful film of one of the most important events in American history (imagine the impact of seeing a live film of John Brown's raid on Harpers Ferry, and you will have some idea of the value of *Attica*); *Malcolm X*, Arnold Perl and Marvin Worth's compilation feature; *Frame-*



'Emitai': powerful African film

Gary Peacock. This also points out just how rarely contemporary black musicians have been utilized by American filmmakers. In Europe, Louis Malle has used the music of Miles Davis and Charlie Parker (as well as Django Reinhardt) for his films, and the Art Ensemble of Chicago did the music for *Les Stances a Sophie*, a French film unreleased in this country.

Jazz musician Charles Mingus is studied in Thomas Reichman's superlative film, *Mingus*, filmed in 1966 as Mingus was being evicted. As a study of the man, as well as a revelation of the everyday harassments facing a serious black artist in this country, *Mingus* should be much better known than it is.

The outstanding maker of music documentaries is Les Blank, whose films *The Blues According to Lightnin' Hopkins*, *A Well Spent Life* (on Mance Lipscomb) and *Hot Pepper* (on Clifton Chenier) are thoughtful, visually beautiful studies of some of America's most important folk artists.

Festival Films

The success of Woodstock inspired a number of similar films on black music festivals. The best was probably Horace Ove's underdistributed *Reggae*, with Desmond Dekker, the Maytals, the Pioneers, and others. Also exciting were Stan Lathan's *Save the Children*, Sid Levin and Bob Abel's fascinating *Let the Good Times Roll*.

Perhaps the best black film of 1974 is virtually unknown. *Space Is the Place*, or *The Sun Ra Movie*, played a San Francisco theater for one week last November and was then taken back to be re-edited -- never to be heard from again.

While occasionally betraying its origins on a shoe-string budget, *Space Is the Place* (directed by John Coney, formerly of KQED) is a highly entertaining comedy, as well as an in-depth examination of Sun Ra and his music. With more concert footage and a tighter story line, *Space Is the Place* could well be one of the most astounding films of all time. Sun Ra himself is the prime mover behind it, and he is decidedly not a mundane man.

Even with all this, there are still enormous reservoirs of black musical energy completely untapped by the film medium, an art form so perfectly adapted to preserve and fulfill that energy. Ground breaking events such as the Pacific Film Archive's "Music and the Movies" should be just that: ground breaking. Heaven help us if it was a once-in-a-lifetime bonanza.

Among the many goldmines the series brought to light was the almost forgotten TV special *The Sound of Jazz*, with a spectacular line-up that included an eerily beautiful Billie Holiday very late in her life, Lester Young, Thelonious Monk, Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Mal Waldron, Jimmy Rushing, Roy Eldridge, Rex Stewart and a roaring Count Basie band. This magnificent film is alleged to have been seen only once or twice since its original broadcast in 1957, and there is just no excuse for this.

Next week we'll look at commercial feature productions: their history, development, important breakthroughs, hassles, and even offer reason to hope for a truly black cinema in America. As Ossie Davis acutely stated at the very beginning of his *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, "Ain't now -- but it's gonna be..."



Scene from 'Native Land'

Fogerty Rocks On Out

by Michael Snyder

JOHN FOGERTY used to hang out in Berkeley, lived up in the Hills. And the band he fronted then skyrocketed a local, independent record label out of obscurity to the top of the charts. Creedence Clearwater Revival staked out the Top 10 with a string of hit singles that filled the coffers of Fantasy Records in the late Sixties and early Seventies.

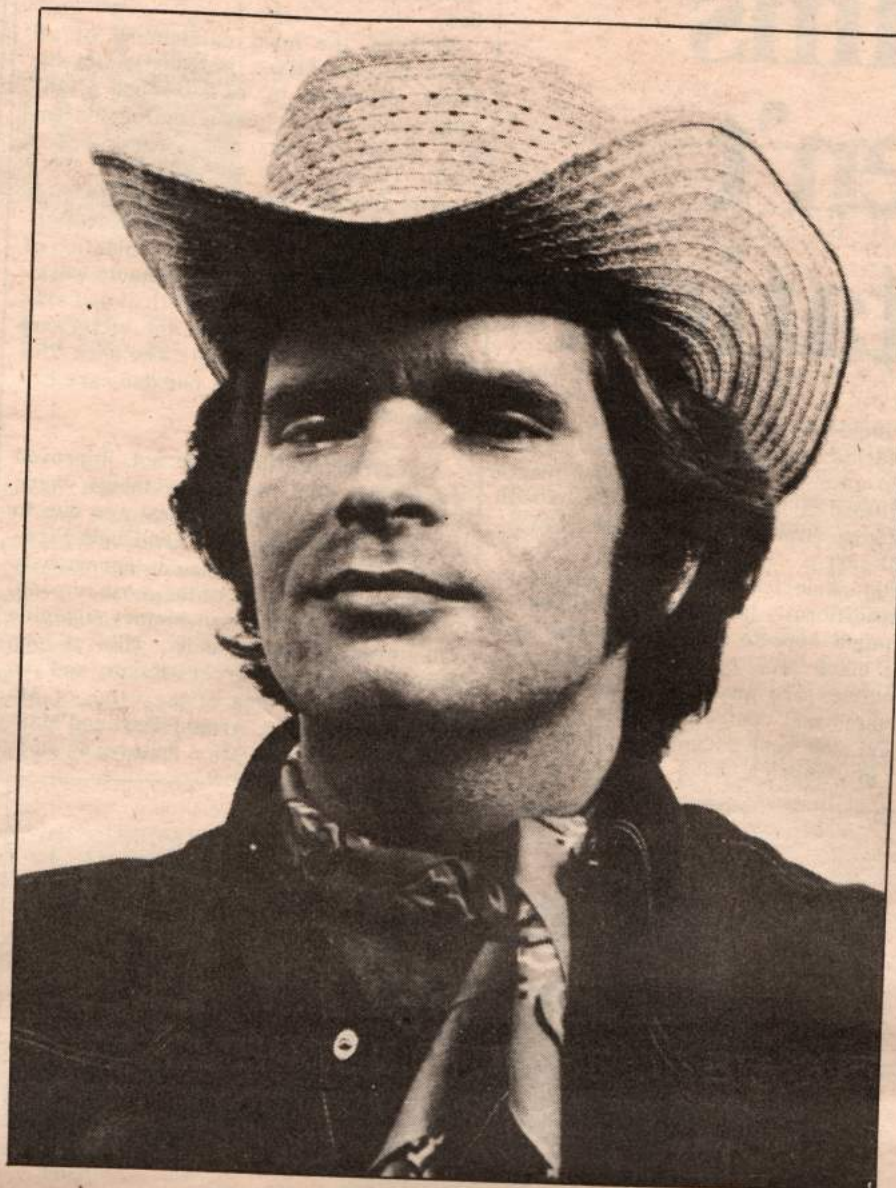
The Fantasy catalogue had previously marketed jazz and poetry recordings. Their entry into the field of rock brought them way into the black. Some wag even dubbed the new Fantasy office complex "the House That Creedence Built" when it was completed.

As usual these days, Fogerty disbanded the group with his departure for a solo career. After an anonymous and moderately successful country L.P. under the name, **The Blue Ridge Rangers**, he left Fantasy to find Asylum. David Geffen's country-rock empire has an artist's roster that reads like a who's who in California pop (Joni Mitchell, Jackson Browne, The Eagles and Linda Ronstadt, to name a few.) Naturally a performer of Fogerty's stature and style was welcomed with open arms and open studios.

Single handedly laying down every track and playing all instruments for the second time in as many discs, Fogerty is proud enough of the resulting album to let it bear his signature. **John Fogerty** (Asylum -7E-1046) resurrects the C.C.R. sound like some cakewalkin' bayou hoo-doo and reinforces the theory that Creedence was essentially a one man band.

The noted stripped-down sound of the rockers "Bad Moon Rising," "Fortunate Son" and "Hey Tonight" is echoed in the jetstream of "Rockin' All Over The World." Another Saturday Night" and "You Rascal You" are rife with Fogerty's continued retooling of the Sun Records jangle that first brought Memphis, Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis coast to coast. For that matter, his cover of "Sea Cruise" is nearly an exact approximation of the car radio fare your antenna would attract while travelling across the Mississippi Bridge.

The Stax-Volt group and Otis Redding get a nod on "Travellin' High," including Fogerty's overdubbed horns and an amazing imitation of the MG's rhythm section. Berry Gordy's "Lonely Teardrops" gives Motown its due, but again shows Fogerty's debt to Otis as a singer. In keeping with his Blue Ridge Rangers effort, "Where The River Flows" and "Dream/Song" easily tread the country and western path. And to close out the set, Fogerty layers a beauty of a backdrop behind a potent



John Fogerty: a Creedence sound revival

vocal, "Flyin' Away," and beats the Doobie Brothers at their own game -- recycling and supercharging old Creedence riffs. He codas with a little synthesizer vamp, so we can date the package '75. A winner and still champion.

Making their full-scale American debut on vinyl, Toots and the Maytals already have a large cult following in the Bay Area due to interest in reggae generated by the Wailers and the Jimmy Cliff flick, **The Harder They Come**. The soundtrack from **The Harder They Come** actually introduced the Maytals, a Jamaican staple, to the continental audience with two bright tracks, "Sweet and Dandy" and the classic "Pressure Drop." Now, Island Records has compiled the cream of two of their finest recordings -- **Funky Kingston** and **In The Dark** -- into one sweet and dandy U.S. release, **Funky Kingston** (Island-

ILPS 9330.)

Unlike the Wailers, who depend on Bob Marley's sensual ganja visions and raw cries of hope and despair for their direction, the Maytals pepper Toots Hibbert's good-timey wisdom in the face of trouble with R.&B. and gospel vocalizing. The resulting blend is closer to the delightful pop sense exhibited by the bulk of reggae tunes that are commercially successful in Jamaica. Toots rejoices while Marley broods. His rich, supple voice is the heart of the Maytals' presentation and his emotive energy has led more than one critic to call him "the next Otis Redding." He can settle for being the first Toots Hibbert.

"Time Tough" and "Pomp and Pride" open their respective sides of the L.P. with the infectious harmonies and rhythm hooks native to a Maytals arrangement.

at various nightcrawlers "iridescent/ beside a rainbow jukebox/ in some goofed-up city" and Lewis MacAdams wonders himself out of a cliché to discover "ms. lapis lazuli eyes." Joan Colby dreams of roosters while making love. Robert Peters observes the slow natural decay of the commonplace. And, with the Bicentennial business breathing down our necks, Errol Miller touches a more vital vein: "time goes by/ in gaudy waves/ playing taps/ from bent horns/ no one weeping."

There's more than that in the first issue of **The Mid-Atlantic Review** and its attention to good writing ought to insure there'll be plenty more where that came from.

* * *

No Capital Crime, by Ed Lipman (Second Coming Press, Box 31246, San Francisco, CA 94131.) 27 pages, \$2.00.

The recent death of Ed "Foots" Lipman, a 34 year old transplanted Texas poet caught for ten years in the California prison system, marks the close of another chapter in the legend that has grown around him and acts as a dramatic reminder of the ultimate fragility of all humans despite their prowess or social standing.

While I don't know much about his celebrated exploits, there's plenty to be learned about him as a poet in **No Capital Crime**. We gain a glimpse inside the prison walls, where strength and desperation share the confined experience. The view is necessarily narrow, but Lipman succeeded in prying the crack open a bit more: "... waiting for something beautiful/ to visit me smiling/ reminds me to write/ this poem slowly/ because Beauty passes quickly/ and doesn't carry keys." All we get is a quick look and before

Toots cajoles the band through "Funky Kingston," stirring up the excitement of a nighttime prowling into Trenchtown. Their interpretation of "Louie, Louie" matches each of the many I've heard. The inclusion of "Pressure Drop" just proves that its bounce and dynamics were no one-shot fluke.

Funky Kingston is, cut for cut, as danceable and geared for mass acceptance as **The Harder They Come**. It could go even further in spreading reggae than its predecessors, now that the barriers have been broken. Toots and the Maytals will be headlining a Bill Graham dance concert at Winterland this coming Sunday.

Finally, Franky Miller, Glasgow-born, veteran of the English pub circuit and two lusty albums (the second, **Highlife**, a corker produced by Allen Toussaint.) Miller recorded his latest, **The Rock** (Chrysalis-CHR 1088) at Elliot Mazer's studio in San Francisco. He has newly assembled the Franky Miller Band, a hard-driving, partyin' aggregate comprised of ex-Wings and Grease Band guitarist Henry McCullough, ex-Spooky Tooth bass player Chrissy Stewart, the former Wynder K. Frog, Mick Weaver, on keyboards and L.A. session man Stu Perry on drums. Working class heroes that play their collective ass off and drink you under the table.

Sharpening the act for a national tour that begins this weekend, Miller had the band strutting and stomping during recent dates at the Keystone Berkeley. Doing songs culled from **Highlife** and **The Rock**, Franky pumped out hot iron beneath his Snuffy Smith hat, a throb to his voice and a bulge in his pants. He raised pedestrian, blues-based rock clichés to resounding levels, embellished by Henry's snakey licks and Weaver's barrelhouse comping. Stewart and Perry provided a heated bottom to anchor these cats to the stage or they'd have doubtless taken off. Two steamy sets inspiring plenty of dance action.

Similar in phrasing and timbre to his pal Paul Rodgers, Miller displays a greater depth and fluidity when he sings. Franky's own favorite singer and a man to whom he owes much of his approach is -- you guessed it -- the late Otis Redding. Some of the numbers on **The Rock** are uncanny in their ability to evoke Redding's memory, especially "All My Love To You." Having the Memphis Horns present at the sessions was no accident, either, and they are well-suited to the R & B colorations in Miller's music. His wonderful live versions of "It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry" and John Lennon's "Jealous Guy" do honor to their composers (Bob Dylan and John Lennon) too.

Let it be known that John Fogerty, Toots Hibbert and Frankie Miller share a direct, gutsy power in their respective musical creations, the legacy of Otis Redding. Strength in simplicity. Pure oxygen amidst today's ear pollutants.

we know it our visit is up. But Ed's left us with a look, at least, and a warning for those encouraged by the promise of some relief through poetry: "be careful how you write/ you might encounter an answer..."

* * *

Summers come and go, here in Berkeley. The tripsters have journeyed back to wherever it is they're headed, leaving new/old students and residents to keep the home fires burning.

That term "residents" may sound square but their crust'll beat the through traffic anyway. One exception would be Cynthia Genser, a sister from Queens who stopped more than a few audiences in their tracks while she was here this summer.

One Monday at Berkeley's La Salamandra the Poetry Night Coordinator, Andy Clausen, put Cynthia on for a special set after the featured poets had finished and before the open mike portion of the reading began. My first taste of "Betty Ruth" and the overtones from Nathan's and the streets of NYC, via Ms. Genser.

I'd never met her before she arrived here this summer, but Cynthia's turf Back East is familiar territory to me, a 20 year vet of the New York City area. Her voice is a direct link to the pulse. Every wave of sound charms the ear, like being there with a human beat, flipping through scenes of evidence of life on earth. Cynthia Genser was a bit of Berkeley's flashy poetic history while she was here.

"...this ain't no/ doughnut shop it got bars and the good food/ don't fool me/ we're in the cooler. the Big Fridge. ... If Reality don't get you the Dream does..."

POETPOURRI



Mag Debuts, Poets Pass On And Through

by Tom Plante

If a magazine's future can be determined on the basis of its very first issue, then the new literary quarterly, **The Mid-Atlantic Review** (Box 330, Mamaroneck, N.Y. 10543,) should see steady sailing after the publication of issue number one this past summer.

Surprising things happen between the covers as 26 poets present a transcontinental blend of contemporary poetry stretching from Lexington, Massachusetts to Honolulu.

Tony Quagliano suggests the transforming spectrum of attitudes inherent in our mobile national population: "Diamond Head is corny/ unless you find yourself living there/ five thousand miles

from Brooklyn/ an ecological ignoramus..."

Our own hard enough times surface in Keith Abbot's poem about welfare lines: "... nothing can transcend/ this slow nothingness/ the backs and heads/ of the poor" and again in Charles Bukowski's stuff: "I met Kraznick in the post office/ and like at any other place of/ work and suffering/ the weird and the deformed always/ buddied-up to me."

Anne Menebroker reminds us there are people loose in this land: "All the beer and scotch/ you can drink, cannot change/ the way people disappoint you./ Men and women will charge/ from the womb/ and do as they will."

Co-editor Billy Collins gives us a peak

Ibsen's Worms At Work

by Barbara L. Baer

Take what remains of a socially distinguished family -- widow, ailing son, maid, Pastor -- and keep them together in a country house in Western Norway from sunrise to sunrise: When the family is Henrik Ibsen's creation, you have only to watch the worms at work cutting through everything that appeared proper and orderly during their one long night.

Ghosts is playing at the San Francisco Actors' Ensemble Theater, Thursday through Saturday nights until October 11 at their Studio on 2949 16th Street.

In Ghosts, as in Bergman's films of the mid-1960's like *Winter Light* or *Through a Glass Darkly*, once the skein of a person's guilty relationships with others begins to come loose, the entire social fabric falls apart. Mrs. Alving, who inherited a vast estate upon her husband's death, confesses her unhappy duty bound life during this long night. She concealed, for the sake of public opinion, the scandal of her husband's debauchery, his illegitimate children and her own humiliation. Her son, returned from Paris to die horribly from syphilitic madness, the legacy of his father, is told he is not responsible for his illness. While the son's metaphor and his dying words are "light, sun" (he was a painter and feels the absence of light in this house in Norway,) his mother is the one who sees the "ghosts." Ghosts are the metaphor for the falseness of the past -- its people and their attitudes -- that steals life from

the present.

Although Mrs. Alving is relieved to have made her confession and believes her own way is now open to self-fulfillment, at this moment events both natural and supernatural conspire to make her belated revelation the final end to her household: a fire burns a newly built orphanage; her confession identifies the social-climbing maid as a half-sister and turns the girl against her son who, in the play's final torturous moments, instructs his mother to give him a fatal dose of morphine when the madness sets in. The play ends with Mrs. Alving standing horror stricken, her face a mask of disbelief, as her son goes mad. She is left in the house, which can be extended to bourgeois society in general where lies and deceit, even well-intentioned, caused too much decay to be repaired. The truth literally burned up its victims.

This kind of heavily plotted play is hard to stage today; but for all its stiffness, it's worth seeing. Real moral and social issues emerge directly through the characters' tragedies. You have to accept the doom of syphilis and forget that today it's treated at your local clinic and no guilt is attached to having caught it. Bergman, for example, clearly replaces "syphilis," which was a 19th century reality and a metaphor for social decay, by the soul's illness, which needs no physical symbol. Another problem for contemporary actors is to project the totally serious nature of their beliefs -- their preoccupation, without the slight-

est touch of comedy, with their own souls, their own deaths -- for we are used to mockery of such final questions.

The actress who carried off her part best was Linda Hoy as Mrs. Alving. Playing opposite her, the pastor (Kirk Ullery) was sufficiently stuffy and foolish but not believable as a repressed man who once had touched Mrs. Alving's passionate nature. (Here again, Bergman's mode and his

actors are touchstones: his malignant pastors and self-serving writers are men who, while denying their senses, still give off a certain cold sexuality to torment women.) The doomed son, Oswald (Norman Denning) wasn't well directed on how to move about on the stage; and his love, the maid Regina, missed out being either attractive or scheming. Engstrand, a Doolittle type of man who survives, by the bottle

and by cunning, the hypocritical middle class decaying around him, got better as the production got worse. The final act, with its deaths, disasters and departures, was too much for director Stafani Priest and the cast to handle. Instead of leaving around it a sense of fulfilled doom, both terror and repose, the action just got jumbled together as though everyone had to finish off somehow. The stage was attractive but didn't give one the sense of having sat through a long, sunless Nordic vigil.

Still, Ghosts is well worth seeing. Weeknights it costs \$2, week-ends, \$3. 8:30 is curtain time.

A New Durrell?

Blacks In Alien Land

by Floyd Salas

And Bid Him Sing, by David Graham Dubois, Ramparts Press

"Reality is hard to come by," Ralph Ellison said in the *Paris Review* interviews. And most fiction writing rarely reaches that level and that includes the work of very popular, so-called serious writers. David Dubois reaches it in most of *And Bid Him Sing*, particularly the opening scene which is a masterpiece of reality in which a group of American black men in exile in Egypt eat a meal. It is a

withered leg called Suliman who has the tragic stature of the humpbacked Richard The Third or the protagonist of Dostoyevsky's *Notes from the Underground*. The other, Fawzy, is the alternate voice of the author, who casts himself as a person in the story and who also tells part of the story in first person chapters.

Fawzy is a thinker and observer, a successful intellectual with a good job in Egypt who serves as a counterweight and foil to the suffering Suliman. He is a Boswell in nature and understands and tolerates and helps

significance, too.

He gives us a black man, Suliman, of Dostoyevskian proportions, who irritates one like a small splinter in the foot one cannot get out, like a gadfly who takes his bite of our blood with righteous anger. He stands for all the young black people who joined the Black Panthers and the Black Muslims and struck back at the society in anger and didn't care if the society thought they were rude or not. They wanted their share of the pie and they were going to get it one way or the other. There were no rules of the oppressive white

"He offers no propaganda but his statement on the oppression of the black man in the late Sixties is a powerful consciousness raiser."

memorable experience. Every bit of dialogue and every commonplace action is loaded with meaning, as when one of the Americans washes his mouth out in the sink and then spits in it, following the Moslem ritual to keep all openings to the body clean.

There is irony here which is confirmed later when we learn that the American blacks are not really accepted as Moslems in Egypt and that the Egyptians don't consider themselves black. So the black men find themselves as alienated in Egypt as in the United States. And some of the minor characters, such as a small shopkeeper who lives on the same street as one of the black Americans, are as real as a person the reader might have met and known himself.

But Dubois outdoes himself with the creation of the two major characters. One is a small, bitter black man with a

and shares with the crippled Suliman, though he rarely tries to explain him. By writing of the lives of these two men, Dubois creates a reality of Egypt that is equal to if not the same as that of Lawrence Durrell. One remembers these men when one puts the book down and suffers over the undeveloped and wasted genius of Suliman, who appears headed for some kind of certain doom, never able to find a place for himself in the world, always a wandering exile.

Dubois achieves this reality by giving us the bad side of a man, not just his good side -- a common practice of American writers who attempt to win the reader's favor. He does not weight the book in favor of his protagonist. He is too honest.

He offers no propaganda but his statement on the oppression of the black man in the late Sixties is a powerful consciousness raiser. He remains true to his art and achieves social

man they had to respect. They were, like Huey Newton and Eldridge Cleaver and George Jackson, saints to their people and criminals to the establishment. The psychology here is the same, though Suliman kills no one...yet.

Dubois teaches us here. He reaches Truth. He catches the essence of the black man of his time in all his complexity. He rises from the personal details of Suliman's life to the archetypal. That is the function of serious literature. He sees as deeply as any great writer into the character of a human being. Suliman remains imbedded in one's mind like Bigger Thomas in *Native Son*. While Fawzy the intellectual has as much validity as the hero of *Invisible Man*, though he manages to keep from becoming a martyr like that black man who lives unseen and unknown in the basement of a New York house like an underground man in the least convincing and too symbolic part of that book. I believe that the passage of time will be kind to Dubois' book and that it will take its place with other great American ethnic novels.

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BICENTENNIAL ART POSTERS

Send \$1 for seven post cards of
the Bicentennial Art Posters.
Artists: Anuszkiewicz, Barnett,
Bearden, Bolotowsky, Pond, Porter
and Sandler.

Special Projects Group,
Room 2025P, 333 N. Michigan,
Chicago 60601.

Special fund-raising program for non-profit organizations

SCENE DROME

Continued from page 16

*Gury Bawa, 7:30 pm, International Student Center Ballroom, 50 Oak St., SF., 864-4486/626-3999
 *Anne Waldman's Fast Speaking Woman (reads), 2:30 pm, Montgomery Playhouse, 622 Broadway, SF., \$2, 362-8193
 *Application of Ganah's Message, 11 am, SF. Ashram, 2650 Fulton St., SF., 648-3949
 □Beyond Narcotic Spirituality (talk) 8 pm, Theosophical Society, 414 Mason, 7th Floor, 781-1677
SEE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4:
 *Life, Liberty & Pursuit of Happiness Festival
SEE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3:
 *Folsom Prison Gates Open to Public, 18th Annual F.I. Art Show
 *Oakland Third Annual Lake Merritt All-Comers Cross Country Run, 9 & 9:30 pm, Parks and Recreation, Parking Lot, 1520 Lakeside Dr., Oakland, 273-3198
 *Ball, Magazine, benefit publishing party, poetry, 8:12 pm, La Salamandra, Berkeley, also 3 pm Berkeley Art Center, Ernest Landauer on Horace Washington's Masks.
 *Top 40, diseases, 6:30 pm, \$5 W.H.N. 332-2933
 *General Moshe Dayan, speaks, 2 pm, Hotel St. Francis, SF

MONDAY

Oct 6 Moon in Scorpio, 10:11 am

Sounds

Clubs
 *Jerry Clark and the New Breed, Nashville West, Sunnyvale
 *Mel Ellison Quartet, Poetics, Sleeping Lady Cafe, Fairfax
 *Open Mike Auditions, The United State Cafe, SF
 *Julia Vinograd and Jennifer Stone, 8-9:30 pm, poetry, La Salamandra, Berkeley
 *Arm and Hammer (see Sunday)
 *Scotty, Toby & Liza, Gulliver's Pub SF
 *Hoot, Odyssey, Berkeley

Flix

*Images of Women, Vivre Sa Vie (1962) 7:30 pm, \$1.50, SFSU Cinematheque, McKenna Theatre, 1600 Holloway Ave, SF, 469-1629
 □To Sir With Love, also The Trial of Joe Arc (1962) A Self Portrait of LaJette, 7 pm, Diablo Valley College Forum, Pleasant Hill, 687-4445
 *The Great Dictator, The Gold Rush, (see Sunday)
 *Chinatown, Don't Look Now (see Saturday)
SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
 *Kamouraska
 *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, All About Eve
 *The Mayan Gods
 □America: Making A Revolution, Noon, Cole Hall, University of California, SF, 666-2019

Theater

□Menarche, or The Cure, 8 pm, La Salamandra, Telegraph nr Dwight Way, Berkeley
 *Les Nickettes, It's Vicious Out There, Ms. Hysterical, 9 pm, Ness Aquino's Mahubay Gardens, 433 Broadway, SF, 441-1930

Happs

□1975 Cabrillo Music Festival, 8:30 pm, KPFA 94 FM Radio
 □Centro Folklorico, 6:30 pm, Open Studio KOED, TV Chan 9
 *Julia Vinograd, Jennifer Stone, 8-9:30 pm, Open Reading Poetry, La Salamandra, Berkeley
 *In Pursuit of a Living Fossil, lecture, 7:45 pm, Fireman's Fund Forum, 3333 California St., SF 441-5970
 □Pressure Screening and Detection Clinic, 1-4:30 pm, Co-op, 1550 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley

TUESDAY

Oct 7 Moon in Scorpio

Sounds

Clubs
 *Ron Carter's New Quartet, Keystone Korner, SF
 *Bobby "Blue" Bland, Boarding House, SF
 *Jerry Clark and the New Breed, (see Monday)
 *Baby Fat, Groucho's, San Mateo
 *Billy Astorides, Jeff Shafe, Sleeping Lady Cafe, Fairfax
 *Laura Allan, The United State Cafe, SF
 *D.N.A., Jazz, La Salamandra, Berkeley
 *Hoot, Freight and Salvage, Berkeley
 *Arm & Hammer, Slats, SF
 *Blackberry, Bishop's Coffee House, Oakland
 *Richard Harley Brown, Gulliver's Pub, SF
 *Hoot, Odyssey, Berkeley

Concerts
 *Oakland Symphony, 8:30 pm,
 *Oakland Symphony, 8:30 pm,
 Paramount Theater, Oakland, 465-6400

Flix

*The Girls, Women Emerging, 7:30 pm, \$2, 155 Dwinelle, UC Berkeley, 642-4786
 *That's Entertainment (1974) 7 & 9:30 pm, \$1.50, Wheeler Auditorium, UC Berkeley, 642-0212
 *Chinatown, Don't Look Now (see Saturday)
 *The Earrings of Madame De (1953) Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961) Surf, Irving at 46th Ave, SF, 664-6300
 □The Trial of Joan of Arc (1962) 3:30 pm, Diablo Valley College Forum, Pleasant Hill, 687-4445
 *Our Hospitality (Keaton '23), Sherlock, Jr. (Keaton '24), film/lecture, 7 pm, Merritt College, Oakland
 *Presentation, Anniversary of the Deaths of Two Latin American Revolutionary Leaders, 8 pm, \$1, La Pena, 3105 Shattuck, Berkeley
 *Swept Away... by An Unusual Destiny in the Blue Sea, 4 pm, Clay, 2261 Fillmore at Clay, SF, 665-1163
SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
 *Kamouraska
 *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, All About Eve

Theater

*Les Nickettes (see Monday)
SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
 *Seven Keys to Baldpate
 *Ondine

Dance

*Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theatre, 8 pm, Zellerbach Auditorium, UC Berkeley, \$5-\$6.50 642-2561

Happs

*Introductory Lecture on Eckankar, 7:30 pm, University Ave. Co-op, 1414 University Ave, Berkeley
 □Historical Myths and Realities, 302-HSW, Noon, University of California, SF
 □EIAR For Airport Expansion, 2:30 pm, Hearing, Room 282, City Hall, SF 873-1800 (Ask for County Planning Dept.)
 □Voices, 8:30 pm, KPFA 94 FM Radio
 □Geodesic Domes, 6:30 pm, Open Studio, KOED, TV Chan 9
 *Marina La Palma, La Val's 848-2517 poetry
 *Leona Welch, George Barlow, 8-9:30 pm, \$1, Rainbow Sign, 2640 Grove St., (poetry) Berkeley, 548-6580
 □Pressure Screening and Detection Clinic (see Monday)

WED.

Oct 8 Moon in Sagittarius, 10:38 am

Sounds

Clubs
 *Happy Valley, The United State Cafe, SF
 *Jerry Clark & The New Breed (see Monday)
 *Fine Shit Kickin' Sound, La Salamandra, Berkeley
 *Genny Haley, Sandy Darlington, Freight and Salvage, Berkeley
 *The Creations, Harpo's, Santa Rosa
 *Music Wheel, Gulliver's Pub, SF
 *Richard Harley Brown, Odyssey Berkeley
SEE TUESDAY, October 7:
 *Ron Carter's New Quartet

*Bobby "Blue" Bland
 *Baby Fat
 *Arm and Hammer

Concerts

*Blues Festival, 7:30 pm, Contra Costa College, 2600 Mission Bell Drive, San Pablo
 *Oakland Symphony (see Tuesday)



Another Oakland Symphony season at the Paramount.

*Good Ole Persons, 25c, 8-9 pm, The Exploratorium, 3601 Lyon, SF

Flix

*Kamouraska (see Friday)
 *Blazing Saddles, Mash, Sunset Theatre, 2411 Telegraph Ave, Berkeley, 848-2060
 □Ways of Seeing, Parts I and II, 1 pm UC Berkeley Art Museum Theatre, 642-9346
 *Blood and Sand (1941) Viva Zapata (1952) Gateway Cinema, 215 Jackson at Battery, SF, GA 1-3353
 *Fellini's "Vittelloni, Amarcord"

Lumiere, California at Polk, SF, 865-3200
 *The Earrings of Madame De, Les Liaisons Dangereuses (see Tuesday)
 *The Double Day, 1975, 8:30 pm La Pena, 3105 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley, also Tumpamaros! 1973
 □World of the Future and New Morality, the Challenge of the Student Generation, 469-2171, Noon, Large Conf. Room, New Union Bldg, SFSU
 □The Passion of Joan of Arc (1928) 3 pm, Diablo Valley College Forum, Pleasant Hill, 687-4445
 *Armstrong, 7 & 9:20 pm, Dwinelle, UC Berkeley, 642-7477, \$2.50

Theater

*Showtime, One Man Comedy Revue, 8:30 pm, \$1.75, Intersection, 756 Union, SF
SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
 *Death of a Salesman
 *Seven Keys to Baldpate
 *Ondine

Dance

*Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater (see Tuesday)

Happs

*Live with Paul Krassner, 7:30 pm Public Access Chan 12, 548-4000 or 524-0802
 □Poems about Mothers and Daughters, 1 pm, Forum, Diablo Valley College, Pleasant Hill
 □The Next Vietnam: US Foreign Policy and the Future, 6:45 pm, KPFA 94 FM Radio
 □Something Catchy, 6:30 pm, KOED TV Chan 9 also Betty Reid 12 pm
 *Judith Stephens & Jennifer Stone, poetry, 8 pm, Cody's, Telegraph and Haste, Berkeley
 □Pressure Screening and Detection Clinic (see Monday)

THURSDAY

Oct 9 Moon in Sagittarius

Sounds

Clubs
 *Good Morning, 8 pm, Reshouse, Mill Valley
 *Jerry Clark and the New Breed, (see Monday)
 *Gabriel Gladstar, The United State Cafe, SF
 *Larry Pallant, 6-9 pm, Laura Goldman, 9 pm-12 am, Family Pharmacy, SF, 668-7755
 *Auditions, 9 pm, La Salamandra, Berkeley
 *Billy White and Friends, Freight and Salvage, Berkeley
 *The Creations (see Wednesday)
SEE TUESDAY October 7:
 *Ron Carter's New Quartet
 *Bobby "Blue" Bland
 *Baby Fat
 *Arm & Hammer
 *Listen w/Mel Martin, Carnival w/Larry Blackshire, Great American Music Hall, SF 9 pm
 *Shady Ladies Blues Band, Bishop's Coffee House, Oakland
 *Paradise, Gulliver's Pub, SF
 *David Biasotti, Odyssey, Berkeley

Concerts

*Oakland Symphony (see Tuesday)
 *Isabel and Angel Parra, with Pato Castillo, 9:30 pm, \$2.50, La Pena, 3105 Shattuck, Berkeley
 *Solo Piano Book I & II by Claude Debussy, 8 pm, 863-8800, SF Museum of Art, \$3.50, Civic Center

Flix

*Kamouraska (see Friday)
 *400 Blows, Shoot the Piano Player, 7 & 10 pm, \$1.50, 155 Dwinelle, 642-2561 UC Berkeley
 *Akran (1969) with Richard Myers in person, 8:30 pm, \$1.75, 332-1514, SF Art Institute, 800 Chestnut St., SF
 *Women in Revolt, Award Presentation to Andy Warhol - Mekas/Markopoulos, \$1, 7 & 9 pm, Richardson Hall UC Extension 55 Laguna, SF, 863-1428
 *Kes (1969) The Wild Child, Surf, 4510 Irving, SF, 664-6300

Continued on page 15

SURVIVAL!

Cut this out and keep it around; this will be printed in full in the first issue of each month. The other issues will feature an abbreviated emergency version.

AMBULANCE

Berkeley, 655-6921
 Oakland, 273-3211
 San Francisco, 431-2800/553-0123

ANIMAL HELP

Animal Clinic, 845-8090
 Animal Switchboard, 885-2679
 Pets Unlimited, 931-2580
 Spay & Neuter Clinic, 644-6721
 Animal Care Service, 644-6755

BIRTH CONTROL

Berk. Women's Health Clin. 843-6194
 Family Planning Ref. 800/772-2444
 Free Vasectomy, SF, 558-2545
 McKinley Medical Bldg, 446-0222
 Preg. Control Cntr, SF, 567-6100
 Prob. Preg. Info. Svc., Pa. 329-9000
 SF Sex Information, 665-7300
 SF Women's Hlth. Cntr. 282-6999
 St. Luke's Hosp. Family Planning Clinic, ext. 297/647-7300

COMMUNITY SERVICE

Adoption Counseling, 388-3407
 Environmental Sanita, 644-6510
 Glide Church, 771-6300
 Helping Hands, 771-3366
 Jail Chaplain, SF, 864-4025
 John Hale Medical Plan, 863-1727
 Mt Athos Hosp, SF, 621-6265
 People's Energy, 653-6535
 Project Artad, 864-2894
 Street Ministry, 771-3366
 Telegraph Comm. Center, 658-4457
 Tenant Action Project, 552-1740
 Travelers' Aid, 781-6738
 Worker's Rights Center, 653-5510
 Volunteers In Community Service, 273-4210
 Center For Independent Living, 841-4776
 Whole Earth Truck Stop, 325-3330
 YWCA, SF, 775-6500/885-0460
 YWCA, Berk, 848-1882
 Oakland, 451-7900
 The International Museum of Erotic Art, 989-6095

CRASH PADS

Gay Liberation Emmaus, 863-2480
 Golden Gate Hostel, SF, 584-8266
 (Vegetarians Welcome, Liberal Atmosphere)
 Haight Ashbury, 387-7000
 Hospitality House, SF, 441-2772
 In Touch Crs Cntr Oakland 839-1010
 Raphael House, 621-1590
 Berkeley Youth Hostel, 526-9963
 Consortium For Community Change, 648-1666, 826-3330
 848-1667/1668
 Mt. Athos Oratory, 621-6265

DRAFT

Bay Area Military Lw, 285-4484
 Berk Frds. Dft Council, 943-9725
 Campaign for Amnesty, 826-5638
 Conscientious Objectors SF, 441-3700
 CCCO (Central Committee For Conscientious Objectors), 566-0500
 DMZ (S.F. State College), 586-2444
 Draft and Military Swbd, 569-5133
 Discharge Upgrading Project
 VVAW-WSO Oakland, 658-7806
 SF, 665-3196
 E. Bay Draft Information, 845-1992
 Pacific Counsel Service, 836-1039
 409 House, 621-9553

DRUG HELP

Bridge Over Trbld. Water, 548-7270
 Berkeley Free Clinic (24hr), 548-2570
 Concord Discovery Int., 682-4300
 Drug Line (24hr) SF, 752-3400
 Drug Abuse Clinic, S.J., 286-5442
 Drug ID Anon Analysis, 965-1158
 Daybreak House (24hr), 792-7000
 Business, 792-4964
 Group Inc., 653-1055/654-7661
 Haight Ashbury, 621-2014
 In Touch, 839-1010
 Narcotics Anon, 893-2686
 Project Eden (24 hr), 538-3818
 S.F. Drug Treatment, 922-3700
 Soul Site, 655-4266
 Walden House, 864-7090
 Contra Costa (24 hr), 284-CARE

ECOLOGY

City Garden Plots, 285-9738
 Friends of The Earth, 391-4270
 SF Ecology Center, 391-6307
 Berkeley, 548-2220
 Sierra Club, 981-8634

FOOD

Emergency Food Plan, Environmental Action The (EAT)
 Free Food, SF, 431-8254
 Nutrition Information, 644-6637

GAY LISTINGS

Achvah (Jewish Gays), 285-8110
 Gay Sunshine, 824-3184
 Gay Men's Collective, 454-8085
 Gay Counseling Service, 841-6224
 Gay Switchboard, 841-6224
 Gay Students Coalition (SF City College), 441-8889
 Gay Information Line, 647-0433
 Gay Liberation Front, SF, 771-3367
 Golden Gate Gay Liberation House, 863-2480
 Helping Hands Gay Cntr, 771-3366
 Lambda Gay Counseling, 451-1338
 Lavender U., 771-1450
 Lesbian Mothers, 285-0392
 Men's Center, 845-4823
 Mt. Athos Oratory & Hosp, 621-6265
 Pacific Center, 841-6224
 Queer Blue Light, 861-6679
 SF Gay Rap, 922-5247
 Society for Indlv Rights, 781-1570
 Consortium For Community Change, 648-1666, 826-3330
 848-1667/1668

HEALTH HELP

Berkeley-Albany Mental Health Services, 549-2303/843-4506
 Berkeley Free Clinic, 548-2570
 Berkeley Health Dept., 644-6437
 Berkeley Women's Health Collective, 843-6194
 Blackman's Free Clinic, 563-7878
 Child's Health, 644-6437
 Dental Care, 548-2570
 Emergency Med. Care, 431-3800
 Everyman's Free, SF, 861-8883
 Everyman's Free Medical Clinic, 387-7036
 Free Podiatry Clinic, 775-7676
 G. Jackson Free Clinic, 653-2534
 Haight Ashbury Free Clin, 431-1714

Immunization, 644-6420
 Optometry (UC), 642-5761
 Presbyterian Eye Clin., 563-3937
 Planned Parenthood Fertility & Diagnostic Testing:
 Oakland, E. Levine, 654-3212
 SF, C. Kamp, 441-0555
 Alameda City Health Care, 874-7196
 George Jackson Free Clinic, 653-2534
 Berkeley Ambulance, 655-6921
 Berkeley Men's Center, 845-7849
 San Francisco, 397-3663
 Planned Parenthood, SF, 922-4477
 Childbirth Education, 841-0738
 Vasectomy, 558-2545
 VD Info & Ref., 642-CLAP
 VD Clinic, SF, 558-3804
 Berkeley, 845-0197
 Berkeley Women's Health Collective, 843-6194

LEGAL

ACLU, SF, 433-2750
 Berkeley, 548-1322
 Aid in Criminal Defense, 285-6200
 Bay Area Women's Jail Coalition, 282-3983
 Berk Own Recog. Bail Proj, 548-2438
 Contra Costa Legal Serv., 233-9954
 Energy, Free Legal Aid For Teens, 681-2500
 Haight Ashbury Legal Proj, 864-2240
 Legal Assistance, Oakland, 451-9261
 Marin County Legal Aid, 454-8085
 National Lawyer's Guild, 285-5066
 Own Recog. Bail Proj, 552-2202
 Project Eden, 538-3818
 People's Law School, 285-5069
 Society for Indlv Rights, 781-1570
 SF Legal Assistance, 626-3811
 SF Consumer Action, 982-4660
 Berkeley Tenants Organizing Committee, 843-6601
 WAVE (Divorce) SF, 982-1371
 Berkeley, 653-1143
 Equal Rights For Fathers, 387-1447

MISCELLANEOUS

Bananas Childcare, 548-4344
 Daily Cal, 548-8300
 Free Rides, 864-5663
 Free Store, 848-9583/848-0800
 Fire Department, 845-1710
 Grey Rabbit Bus, 626-6792
 KSN Ride Line, 478-9700
 (KAL) Keep Abortion Legal, 752-0773
 Kinship-Hotline, 897-NEED
 Golden Gate Ride Service, 584-8266
 S.F. Ride Center, 824-8397
 Streetwork Project, 848-3378
 Time, POP-CORN
 Transit Information, SF, 558-4111
 Berkeley, 653-3535
 Taxi Unlimited, 841-2345
 Underground Head Shop, 864-5663
 What's Happening, 478-9600
 Sutro Bath House, 861-9111

NATIVE AMERICANS

American Indian Center, 552-1070
 Friendship Hs. for Am. In, 922-3866
 Urban Indian Health Cntr, 863-8111
 Women's Center, 863-4928

POLITICAL ACTION

Ameri. Friends Sov. Comm, 752-7766
 Bay Area Com. Act., 647-0646
 Berkeley Coalition, 848-4084
 Irish Community Support, 282-6578
 Libertarian Party, 548-2242
 Militant Labor Forum, SF, 864-9174
 N.A.P.A., 863-4488
 Peace & Freedom Party, 653-2932
 Peace & Freedom Party, 843-4382
 SF Women for Peace, 863-7146
 Unt. Farmworkers, 864-5613
 War Resisters League, 626-6976

PREGNANT HELP

Abortion Referral, 388-3407
 Alternative to Abortion, 863-0800
 Childbirth Education, 841-0738
 Free Contraception & Pregnancy Testing, SF, 558-2545
 Herrick Hospital, 845-0131
 Keep Abortion Legal (KAL), 752-0773
 Berkeley, 845-7849
 San Francisco, 397-3663
 Planned Parenthood, SF, 922-4477
 Oakland, 654-3212
 Pregnancy Control Ctr., SF, 567-8757
 Women's Cntr, Oakland, 444-5676
 Contra Costa (24 hr), 284-CARE

PRISONS

Connections, 863-1604
 Friends Outside, 661-6900
 ICW, 346-3626
 Join Hands, 648-0658/282-7714
 Prison Law Collective, 282-3983
 Prisoners Union, 648-2880
 Transitions, 731-1115
 United Prisoners Union, 863-1410

PSYCHIATRIC

Berkeley Rap Center, 548-2570
 Berk. Mental Health Serv., 845-0131
 Crisis Center, 548-2570
 Center for Spec. Problems 558-4801
 Fort Help, 864-HELP
 North Beach Night Counseling Center, 398-2266
 Night Ministry (10pm-6am) 986-1464
 Parental Stress Service, 845-6243
 Suicide Prevention, 849-2212
 Contra Costa (24 hr), 284-CARE

PSYCHIATRIC SUICIDE PREVENTION

Alameda County, 849-2212
 Antioch, 361-3456
 Contra Costa, 939-3232
 Hayward, 537-1323
 Marin, 454-4524
 Newark, Fremont, Lafayette, Orinda, 471-5500
 Walnut Creek, Richmond, Pittsburg, 939-3232
 S.F., 221-1424
 San Mateo, 349-4673
 Contra Costa (24 hr), 284-CARE

SCHOOLS

Bay Area Ctr. Fr. Ar. Edu 474-3775
 City College, 587-7272
 Communiversity, 469-2479
 Educational Lib. Front, 642-6767
 Good Times, 864-9181
 Grove Street College, 655-6110
 Heliotrope, 398-7042
 Liberation School, 863-1945
 Laney College, 834-5740
 New Schools Network, 843-8004
 Orpheus, 474-3775
 Pass Free U., 752-0773
 People's Health Resource Center, 864-4413
 S.F. Adult Education, 864-3200
 S.F. State, 869-2047
 UCSF, 666-2019
 University Without Walls, 548-0666
 Open Education Exchange, 655-6791

SENIOR CITIZENS...

Gray Panthers, 524-6590
 R.S.V.P. (Retired Seniors Volunteer Program), 524-1205
 Satellite Senior Center, 832-4877
 Senior Center of Berkeley, 848-0343
 S. Berkeley Senior Center, 843-6027
 St. John's Senior Center, 845-6830
 Homemaker & Portable Means Service, 848-0347

SEXUAL HELP

East Bay, 357-0363
 Mattachine Society, 474-6995
 SF Sex Information, 665-7300
 Sexual Freedom League, 665-6925
 Planned Parenthood Fertility and Diagnostic Testing:
 Esther Levine, Oakland, 654-3212
 Corinne Kamp, SF, 441-0555

SWITCHBOARDS

Alameda, 522-8363
 Black Line, 451-874

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Subscriptions, Berkeley Barb, Box 1247, Berkeley, CA. 94701

Ronnie Ault, #137-266, PO Box 69, London, Ohio, 43140, wants you to write.

Wants to correspond with a girl age 20 to 35. Elutonio Rodarte, PO Box B-52972, Represa, CA 95671.

I am seeking correspondence with female in the Bay Area. I am black, 27, and soon to be paroled. I come from the Mid West and know no women. Mel Grayson, Box 43058, CTF South 5-37, Soledad, CA 93960.

Sidney Brown, 835 West Morgan St, Raleigh N.C. 27603 wishes correspondence.

Lonely man wishes to correspond with any gay males. Ralph Seagle, 835 West Morgan St., Raleigh, N.C. 27603.

Community Bulletins

COMMUNITY BULLETIN BOARD IS FREE TO ALL COMMUNITY ORGANIZATIONS & MEMBERS OF THE COMMUNITY. RENTALS WANTED, RENTALS NEEDED, HOUSES TO SHARE, BENEFITS, FIND A FRIEND, MUSICIANS FREE CLASSIFIED, ALL FREE... CONTACT ALBERT 849-1040, OR MAIL INFO TO BOX 1247, BERKELEY, CA 94701

IF YOU HAVE BEEN GIVEN SHOCK TREATMENT AGAINST YOUR WILL, PLEASE CALL NAPA (NETWORK AGAINST PSYCHIATRIC ASSAULT) 863-4488.

RAPE VICTIMS
To make positive changes in the treatment of rape victims in the Bay Area, the Palo Alto rape study needs to talk to you. Call Lynette Bieler, 329-2410 (collect okay). **CONFIDENTIAL**

RADIOS FOR PRISONERS
Prisoners in San Quentin may now have radios, with which they can keep in contact with the world. BUT, they must purchase them, and only one model can be bought. This model cost \$20.
To help prisoner's obtain radios, sent your contribution to: **Radios for Prisoners, c/o Wells Fargo Bank, Box 210, San Rafael, CA**

"Musicians" Switchboard - contact service for active musicians, rehearsal studios, management, repairs and customizing, lessons, gigs, graphic design and printing, photography, copyrighting info., plus other referrals. Phone 626-6853 in SF, Mon-Fri 10-6

NARCONON - WHERE PEOPLE
Understand & care about you. Counseling no attack. 845-0398.

Flix

NORTHSIDE 1828 Euclid 841-2648
A: Two Marx Brothers: "GO WEST" 6, 9, 12 Fri & Sat. "AT THE CIRCUS" 7:25, 10:25.

B: "STAVISKY" 7:45, 11:35 Fri & Sat, Chabrol's "LES BICHES" 6 & 9:50.

Recording

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(415) 771-5780
245 Hyde St. SF, Ca. 94102

For Sale

FOR SALE
Base, electric \$75 or exchange for massage SF 661-1190.

Truckin

Person with van or truck wanted to carry news-stands to Albq., N. Mex. Gas plus \$100 for carrying 50 stands. Call 548-4952 after 6.

Pen Pals

The following names and addresses belong to our brothers and sisters in prison who are hoping you will correspond with them.

WANTED: People interested in prisoners. The BARB receives requests from hundreds of prisoners for free subscriptions. Since

the BARB can only afford to send a handful of free copies to prisons across the U.S., many prisoners can't get the BARB. Any organization or person who wishes to sponsor a subscription should send \$10 for 6 months or \$5 for 6 months care of the Berkeley BARB.

Black brother, Aries, would like to correspond with young lady. Will be out very soon. Will answer all letters. A. Conrad Hill PO Box #B-19718, Represa, CA.

Morris Ehbort, B-137028, is looking for some nice girls to write to, please send picture with letter. Loch Boch 492, Ionia Mich. 48846.

20 year old w/m doing time for narcotics would to correspond with females from 18-30, Charlie Richie, PO Box 37 Holman Station, Atmore, Ala. 36503.

Wants correspondence with female. Bobby L. Crear, B-47665, San Luis Obispo, CA 93409.

32 yrs. old prisoner seeks correspondence with realistic, uninhibited and concerned persons. Robert L. Nance, Box B-5923, Tamal, CA 94964.

I just want to hear from somebody. Marshall J. Hill, #027873 (23-2101) PO Box 747, Starke, Florida 32091.

Aware, avid-minded prisoner, attractive, 30, seeks meaningful relationship with lovely woman 25-45. Bryan Crandall, Box 81661 CTF-N Soledad, Ca. 93960.

Looking for some nice young ladies to write to. Morris Ehbort 137028 Michigan Training Unit, prison, Loch Boch 492, Ionia, Mich.

Young black man would like to correspond with young attractive, open minded woman. Bruce Hicks Box 60234, Jamestown, Ca.

Blk male 27, wants to correspond with lonely sincere people. Jeffrey Johnson 61293, Box 147, Fox Lake, Wisconsin 53933.

Black man age 29, I'm a Capricorn from Long Beach, Calif, and single. Seek correspondence. Clarence Harrison PO Box 47861 Tamal, CA 94964.

FRIDAY

October 10, Moon in Capricorn, 3:33p

Sounds

Clubs:

*Ron Carter's New Quartet @ Keystone Corner, SF.
*Jack DeJohnette @ The Great American Music Hall, SF., 9 pm.
*Bobby "Blue" Bland @ The Boarding House, SF.
*Jerry Clark & The New Breed, Mudd @ Nashville West, Sunnyvale
*Baby Face @ Groucho's, San Mateo
*The Creations @ Harpo's, Santa Rosa
*Arm & Hammer @ Slats, SF.
*Cool Papa (Blues) @ Rainbow Sign, Berkeley
*Gwen Avery, Roslyn @ Bishop Coffee House, Oakland
*Paradise, @ Gulliver's Pub, SF.
*Fresh Goods @ Odyssey, Berkeley
*Honey Creek @ The United State Cafe, SF.
*Happy Valley @ Holy City Zoo, SF.
*Tom Smith, 6-9 pm; Lemon Grass, 9-11 am, @Family Pharmacy, SF., 668-7755
*Cold Sulfur Springs & JoRene @ La Salamandra, Berkeley
*Gypsy Gypsy String Band @ Freight & Salvage, Berkeley

Concerts:

*Harold Melvin & The BlueNotes, w/ K.C. & The Sunshine Band, 7:30 & 11 pm, Circle Star, San Carlos, 364-2550, 982-6550
*Part of 41 Down, by Paul Robinson, 8 pm, UC Berkeley Art Museum, Gallery A, \$3.50, 642-0346

*Esther Phillips, Stanley Turrentine, 8 pm, Paramount Theater, Oakland \$5.50-\$7.50, 465-6400
*A Tribute to Manuel DeFalla (1876-1946), 8:30 pm, 1750 Arch St., Berkeley, \$3, 841-0232
*Community Concert #3, 8 pm, George Washington H.S. Auditorium, 600-32nd Ave. at Geary Blvd., SF. 861-6240
*Marshall Tucker, Nils Lofgren, Outlaws, Winterland, SF.
*Parra Y Castillo, Longshoreman Hall, SF.

Flix

*Kamouraska, Cento Cedar Cinema, 38 Cedar, SF., 776-8300
*Blood & Sand (41); Viva Zapata (52), Gateway Cinema, 215 Jackson at Battery, SF., GA1-3353
*Fellini's, Vitelloni, Amacord, Lumiere, California at Polk, SF. 885-3200
*The Dawn of Man, 7 & 10 pm, The Laughing Man Institute, 1443 Polk St., SF., 673-0289
*Kes, (69); The Wild Child, Surf, 4510 Irving, SF., 664-6300
*History Lessons (73); Introduction to an Accompaniment to a Cinematographic Scene by Arnold Schoenberg (73), 7:30 pm, S.F. Museum of Art, 863-8800
*Blazing Saddles; Mash, Sunset Theatre, 2411 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, 848-2060
*Women In Revolt; Award Presentation to Andy Warhol-Mekas/Markopoulos, 7 & 9 pm, Richardson Hall, UC Extension, 55 Laguna, SF. 863-1428
*The Sting, 7, 9:20 & 11:45 pm, Wheeler Auditorium, UC Berkeley, \$2.50, 642-7477

*Ten Days That Shook The World, 8 pm, 1519 Mission, SF., \$1. (Dinner at 6:30 pm, \$2), 864-9174
*General (26); State Fair (33), 8 pm, Wurliitzer, 2650 San Bruno Ave., SF., 468-2636
*Hearts & Minds, 6:30 & 8:30 pm, Cole Hall S, University of California, SF., 666-2019
*Three Joans: Joan of Arc, Trial of Joan of Arc, Passion of Joan of Arc, 7 pm, Diablo Valley College, Pleasant Hill, 687-4445

Theater

*Misalliance, 8:30 pm, Live Oak Theatre, 1301 Shattuck Ave., Berkeley. (Also showing at) The Showcase, 430 Mason, SF., 8:30 pm, 421-5331
*Show Time, (one man comedy revue) 8:30 pm, Intersection, 756 Union St., SF., \$1.75
*The Good Woman of Setzuan, 8 pm, Way Station 99, 1111 Addison St., Berkeley, \$3, 548-4728
*Death of a Salesman, College of Marin, 454-3962, ext. 315
*Terry, Marty, Lorenzo & Friends, 9 pm, Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant Ave., SF., \$2, 391-8528
*Seven Keys To Baldpate, 8 pm, Berkeley Repertory Theatre, 2980 College Ave., Berkeley, 845-4700
*Ordine, 8:30 pm, Yountville, \$1.50-\$3.75, (707) 944-8925
*The Orgy; The Autopsy; The Teacher, Julian Theatre, 953 De Haro, SF., 647-8098

Continued from page 14

Joan of Arc (1948) 3:30 pm, Diablo Valley College Forum, Pleasant Hill, 687-4445
*She Done Him Wrong, w/Mae West, \$2, 883-8921, ext 103, Multi-Purpose Room, Vallejo School 50 Nova Albion, Terra Linda
SEE WEDNESDAY, October 8:
*Blazing Saddles, Mash
*Fellini's - Vitelloni, Amacord
*Blood and Sand, Viva Zapata

Theater

*Misalliance, 8:30 pm, 421-5331
Showcase, 430 Mason, SF
*Showtime, (see Wednesday)
SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
*Death of a Salesman
*Seven Keys to Baldpate
*Ordine

Dance

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*Alvin Ailey City Center Dance Theater (see Tuesday)

Happs

German Lecture, 8 pm, 160 Kroeber Hall, UC Berkeley, 642-2561
*Remnants, poetry, 9:30 pm, Pyramid Cafe, 104 Columbus Ave, SF. 848-8555
*Life and Death, lecture, \$3.50, 7 pm, Cole Hall, UC, SF
*Mr. Roger Birt, SFSU's Humanities Dept. explores Problems of Rapid Social Change in American Values, 12:30 pm, Large Conf. Room, New Union Bldg, SFSU campus
*EIAR For Airport Expansion, 8 pm, Hearing, City Hall, Burlingame 873-1800 (Ask for County Planning Dept.)
*Me and My Shadow: Infiltration of the Left by the US Government, 8:30 pm, KPFA 94 FM Radio
*Children of Che, 6:30 pm, Open Studio, KOED, Chan 9 TV
*Darryl Keyes w/Calvin Scott, Gary Keyes & Luis Texador, Cody's, Berkeley poetry
*Lawrence Rice, poetry, The Pyramid, 848-2517
*Pressure Screening and Detection Clinic (see Monday)

PACIFIC FILM ARCHIVE
University Art Museum
2621 Durant Avenue, Berkeley
642-1412
Box Office Opens at 6:15

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3: 7:30, 9:30pm.
Bay Area Premiere: One Fine Day (69).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4: 2:30, 4:30 (75c)

Peter Sichel's Complete Guide To Wine (73);
7, 10 pm: Films of Ingmar Bergman: Winter Light (62);
8:30, 11:30: The Devil's Wanton (Fangelse) (49)

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 5: 2:30pm (75c)
Peter Sichel's Complete Guide To Wine (73);
4:30, 8:30: Films of Elia Kazan: East of Eden (55);
6:30, 10:30: Baby Doll (56).

MONDAY, OCTOBER 6: 7:30 pm
Japan: History Through Cinema: Himiko (74);
9:30: Films of Richard Myers & in Person. Deathstyles (70); Coronation (64); Zocalo (70), \$1.50 stu. & mem/\$2 gen.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7: 7:30 pm.
Films of D.W. Griffith: Biograph films 1908-1913: "Those Awful Hats; The Honor of the Family; What Shall We do With Our Old; Enoch Arden; The Girl And Her Trust; & The Mother Heart.

(Please Note: The program is one of 16 we will present (2 programs of Griffith shorts & 14 features.)
9:30: Himiko (see Oct. 6/7:30 only)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8: 7:30 (\$2)
IN WHEELER AUDITORIUM:
Tentative: Jean-Marie Straub in Person, presenting Moses & Aaron 7:30: Saga of the Great Buddha (52); 9:45: The Tale of Genji (51)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9: 7:30 pm.
D.W. Griffith Biograph Films 1908-1913 (program two): The Unchanging Sea; The Lonedale Operator; The Musketeers of Pig Alley; The Lady and The Mouse; & The Battle At Elderbush Gulch.

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SCENE DROME

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□ This symbol indicates a free event

FRIDAY

October 3, Moon in Virgo

Sounds

Clubs:

*Horace Silver Quintet @ Keystone Korner, SF.
 *Rock It, Ra @ The Odyssey Room, Sunnyvale
 *Ray Charles @ The Great American Music Hall, SF., 8 & 11:30 pm, 885-0750
 *John Stewart @ The Boarding House, SF.
 *Rags @ Groucho's, San Mateo, 341-2661
 *Jerry Clark & The New Breed, Mudd @ Nashville West, Sunnyvale, 732-7730
 *Pamela Pollard, @ Reshouse, Mill Valley, 8 pm
 *G.S. Sachdev, flute; Zakir Hussain, tabla, @ The Sleeping Lady Cafe, Fairfax
 *Jumpin' Jupiter, The United State Cafe, SF
 *Butch Whacks, Sarah Baker, Keystone, Berkeley
 *Art Larkin (Folk) Oakum (Bluegrass) La Salamandra, Berkeley
 *Arkansas Sheiks, Freight and Salvage, Berkeley
 *The Creations, Harpo's, Santa Rosa
 *Delicia and the Depressions, Square Rigger, Nappa
 *Little Johnny Taylor, Ruthie's Inn, Berkeley
 *Don Novello, Boarding House, SF
 *The Pyramids, 9 pm, \$3.50, Rainbow Sign, Berkeley, 548-6580
 *Nancy Vogl, Bishop's Coffee House, Oakland
 *Paradise, Gulliver's Pub, SF
 *Fresh Goods, Odyssey, Berkeley
 *Commander Alton Von Walker, Cocoa on the Go, Gentlemen's Quarters, Oakland 547-4583
 *Bob Jeffries, Lady G.G. & Otis Riley Trio, Flaming Steer, Oakland 532-6216
 *Dawn & The Sunsets, New Royce Club, Oakland

Concerts:

*Jerry Jeff Walker; Roger McGuinn; Tracy Nelson, 8 pm, Berkeley Community Theater, Grove St. & Allston Way, Berkeley, \$4.50-\$6.50 864-0815
 *Nancy Wilson & Les McCann, 8 pm, Paramount Theatre, Oakland, 465-6400
 *Berkeley Promenade Woodwind Quintet, 8:30 pm, 1750 Arch St., Berkeley, \$3, 841-0232
 *King Fish, Sons of Champlin, Keith & Donna, 8 pm, Winterland, SF., 653-7800
 *Blue Magic, Tavares, Oakland Auditorium
 □Community Concert #2, 8 pm, Marina Jr. H's Auditorium, 3500 Fillmore St., SF.
 □SF. String Quartet, 12-1 pm, Oakland Museum Restaurant, 273-3009
 □Trudi Sorensen, 8:30 pm piano recital/lecture on Bela Bartok's Mirro Kosmos, Choral Hall Fine Arts Bldg., College of Marin, Sir Francis Drake Blvd, Kentfield
 *Jose Luis Orozco and Sergio, 9:30 pm, \$1, La Pena, 3105 Shattuck Ave, Berkeley

Flix

*Kamouraska, Cento Cedar Cinema, 38 Cedar, SF., 776-8300
 *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes (53); All About Eve (50), Gateway Cinema, 215 Jackson at Battery, SF., GA1-3353
 *Amacord (72); Nights Of Cabiria (57) Surf, Irving at 46th Ave., SF., 664-6300
 *Juliet of the Spirits; The Clowns, Feilini's Lumiere, California at Polk, SF., 885-3200
 *Joseph Cambell Stairway to the Mayan Gods; Bushmen of the Kalahari, 7 & 10 pm, The Laughing Man Institute, 1443 Polk, ST., \$1, 673-0289
 *Jean Renoir's: La Marseillaise, 8

pm, St. Marks Church, 2314 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, \$1.50, childcare provided, 658-7806/863r1410
 *The Chelsea Girls (by Andy Warhol) 1966, 8:30 pm, Canyon Cinematheque, 800 Chestnut St., SF., #3, 332-1514
 *Dirty Harry; Magnum Force (with Clint Eastwood), Sunset Theatre, 2411 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, 848-2060
 *Things that go Bump in the Night; The Thing (51); Willi's Nightmare (20), Oakland Museum, 273-3884
 *Secrets of an Actress (38); (pper World (34), 7:30 pm, 732 Chenery, SF., 586-7748
 □The Vikings & Ivanhoe, Diablo Valley College Forum, Pleasant Hill, 7 pm, 687-4445
 *Children of Paradise, \$1, 8 pm, De Anza College, Cupertino, 257-9555
 *The Life of Milarepa, 7 pm, Wheeler Auditorium, UC Berkeley, \$2.50, 642-7477
 *Saga of Gosta Berling (1924) Sherlock Homes and Silver Blaze (1938) 8 pm, Wurlitzer, 2650 San Bruno Ave, SF, 468-2636
 *Black Holiday (1973) 7:30 pm SF Museum of Art, \$1.50, 863-8800

Theater

*Liliththeatre, 8:30 pm, Cat's Paw Palace, Dwight Way & 8th St., Berkeley, \$2, childcare provided, 654-8658
 *Show Time, One Man Comedy Review w/Steve Brooks, 8:30 pm, Intersection, 756 Union St., SF. \$1.75
 *The Good Woman of Setzuan, 8 pm Way Station 99, 1111 Addison St., Berkeley, \$3, 548-4728
 *Death of a Salesman, College of Marin, 565-3962, ext. 315
 *Terry, Marty & Lorenzo & Friends 9 pm, The Savoy Tivoli, 1438 Grant Ave., SF., \$2, 391-8528
 *The Killer, 8 pm, SFSU Arena Theater, Creative Arts Bldg., Holloway Ave. nr. 19th Ave., SF., 469 1667
 *Seven Keys To Baldpate, 8 pm Berkeley Repertory Theatre, 2980 College Ave., Berkeley, 845-4700
 *Chismo, David Schein, one man show, 8 pm, 2019 Blake St., Berkeley
 *Ondine, 8:30 pm, Yountville, \$1.50-\$3.75, (707) 944-8925
 *Mrs. Warren, 8:30 pm, The Showcase, 430 Mason, off Geary, SF., 421-5331
 *The Orgy, The Autopsy, The Teacher, 8:30 pm, Julian Theater, 953 DeHaro St., SF, 647-8098

Dance

*Pacific Ballet (showing Fri. only): Voice of the Whale, Intermezzo, Airs de Cours, 8:30 pm, 44 page St, SF.
 *Old Time Square Dancing, 8 pm, Ashrenza, 1317 San Pablo Ave., Berkeley, \$1.25 (75¢ after 9:30 pm), 525-9830

*The Pyramids, Music & Dance 9 pm, \$3.50, Rainbow Sign, 2640 Grove, Berkeley, 548-6580

Happs

*Folsom Prison Gates Open to Public 18th Annual Fall Art Show, 9 am - 5 pm, Represa, California
 *Planetarium, Observatory, Electronic Museum, Foothill College, Los Altos Hill, 948-8590 ext. 521/2
 *Music Poetry, Benefit E. Bay Poets Union, 8 pm, Unitarian Fellowship Hall, Cedar & Bonita, Berkeley, \$1.25
 *The No-Lose Way to Resolve Conflicts Between Adults & Kids, 8 pm Santa Clara County Office of Education, 100 Skyport Dr., San Jose, \$2.50
 *Kay Boyle, Dr. Frank Oppenheimer (poetry & science), 8 pm, The Exploratorium, 3601 Lyon, SF., \$1, 563-7337
 *Anatomy & Philology or Nutrition 7 pm, \$5, W.H.N., 332-2933
 □Ms. Schapiro, lecture: My Art: A Woman's Art, 4 pm, Lucie Stern Hall Rm. 100, Mills College Gallery
 *Tillie Olsen (Mother, Labor Activist, 7:30 pm, \$2.50, Jenny Lind Hall, 2267 Telegraph Ave, Oakland 845-0801

□Women of all Ages, 2:30 pm, Open studio, KQED chan 9 plus San Jose Women Report on the International Women's Year Conf. 7 pm
 *Five Women on Art, My Art: A Woman's Art, lecture, w/Miriam Shapiro, 4 pm, Mills College Art Gallery, Oakland, Lucie Stern Hall 100
 *Parent & Teacher Effectiveness, training, lecture, \$2.50, 8 pm, 100 Skyport Dr., San Jose (408) 294-5017
 □Pressure Screening and Detection Clinic, 1-4:30 pm, Co-op, 1414 University Ave, Berkeley

SATURDAY

October 4, Moon in Libra at 9:38 am.

Sounds



Alvin Aily City Center Dance Theatre at Zellerbach Aud., Oct. 7-11.

Clubs:

SEE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1975:

*Horace Silver Quintet
 *Rock It, Ra
 *Ray Charles
 *John Stewart
 *Rags
 *Jerry Clark & The New Breed, Mudd
 *Pamela Pollard
 *Laura Allan, Susan Karp, @ The Sleeping Lady Cafe, Fairfax

Concerts:

*Kenny Rankin, Martin Mull, Oerkeley Community Theatre, 7:30 pm, \$4.50 - \$6.50, 441-4333
 *Contra Costa Symphony, Contra Costa College, 2600 Mission Bell Dr., San Pablo.
 *Hubert Laws & Symphony Orchestra, 8 pm, Paramount Theatre, Oakland, 465-6400
 *C.P.E. Bach, 8:30 pm, 1750 Arch St., Berkeley, 841-0232
 *New Riders of the Purple Sage; Sons of Champlin, Kieth & Donna, 8 pm, Winterland, SF.
 *Koan, rock, La Salamandra, Berk
 *Mobius, United State Cafe, SF
 *Aminata Moseka & Guest, 9 & 11pm \$3.50, Rainbow Sign, Berkeley, 548-6580
 *No Money Down, Gulliver's Pub, SF
 *Ove Offeness, Odyssey, Berkeley
 *Earth Quake, The Rubinoos, Long Branch, Berkeley
 SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
 *Commander Alton Von Walker, Cocoa on the Go
 *Bob Jeffries, Lady G.G. & Otis

Riley Trio
 *Dawn & the Sunsets
 *Butch Whacks, Sarah Baker
 *Arkansas Sheiks
 *The Creations
 *Delicia and the Depressions
 *Little Johnny Taylor
 *Don Novello
 *Duo Los Viajeros and Sergio,
 *Kingfish, Sons of Champlin, Keith & Donna, Winterland
 □Experimental Music & Dance, (Bring Instruments) Project Artaud, 499 Alabama St., SF

Flix

*Chinatown, Don't Look Now, Sunset Theatre, 2411 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley, 848-2060
 *France, Inc., Presidio Theater, 2340 Chestnut St., SF., \$1.75, midnight, 921-2931

Dance

□Experimental Music & Dance bring instruments, Project Artaud, 499 Alabama St., SF

Happs

*Life, Liberty & Pursuit of Happiness Festival, 10 am - 6pm, Fort Mason National Park, Sefaway, SF., 391-5641
 *Women 1975: Crisis or Opportunity? conference, Merritt College, 531-2435
 *October Faire, 11 am - 10 pm, Harvey West Park, Santa Cruz, (408) 425-2553
 *Isos, Inter-Dimensional Music, 8:30 pm, Christian Spiritualist Church of America, 645 Dolores, SF., 647-6111

*Parent & Teacher Effectiveness Training, 9:30 am-3:30 pm, workshop, \$15, 21250 Stevens Creek Blvd., Cupertino

SUNDAY

October 5, Moon in Libra

Sounds

Clubs:

arcia Bros., @ The Odyssey Room Sunnyvale
 *Jordan Stenberg w/color sculpture by Daniel Conrad, 6 pm, Reshouse, Mill Valley
 *An Exchange @ The Sleeping Lady Cafe, Fairfax
 SEE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3:
 *Horace Silver Quintet
 *John Stewart
 *Ball, party & poetry, La Salamandra Berkeley
 *Arm & Hammer, Country Roads, SF
 *Bebe K' Roche, Irish Pub (Women's Nite) Shattuck and Prince, Berkeley
 *W. Donell Hickman, SF Inspirational Choir, 3:30 pm, \$3.50, Rainbow Sign, Berkeley, 548-6580
 *Breeze, Gulliver's Pub, SF
 *River Road, Odyssey, Berkeley
 SEE FRIDAY, October 3:
 *Commander Alton Von Walker Cocoa on the Go
 *Bob Jeffries, Lady G.G. & Otis Riley Trio
 *Dawn & the Sunsets
 *Don Novello

Concerts:

□Manage Touis, Comfort, Baby, Starborn, 1-6 pm, Provo Park, Grove & Allston Way, Berkeley
 *Boz Scaggs, Greek Theatre, U.C. Berkeley, 642-7477
 *SF International Choir, 3:30 pm \$3.50, Rainbow Sign, 2640 Grove St., Berkeley, 548-6580
 *Turk, jazz, \$5, (707) 963-2617
 *Toots & the Maytals, Bobby "Blue" Bland, The Shakers, Winterland

Flix

*Monkey Business (52), 2 pm, SF. Museum of Art, VanNess at McAllister, SF. 863-8800
 *Hard Day's Night (64), 7 & 9:20 pm, also: The St. Louis Blues (29); Dizzy Red Ridding Hood (31); Ups & Downs (32); Snow White (33), Intersection, 756 Union St., SF., \$1.25, 397-6061
 SEE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4:
 *Chinatown; Don't Look Now
 SEE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3:
 *Kamouraska
 *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes; All About Eve
 *Joseph Cambell Stairway to the Mayan Gods, etc.
 *Grain in the Shatter (see Saturday)
 *Science & Star Trek, Noon 6 pm, Flint Center De Anza College, Cupertino 257-9555

Theater

SEE SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4:

*Misalliance, 7:30 pm
 SEE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3:
 *The Good Woman of Setzuan, \$2
 *Death of a Salesman
 *Seven Keys to Baldpate, 7 pm
 *Chismo, David Schein, etc.
 *Ondine, 4 pm.
 *The Orgy, The Autopsy, The Teacher (see Friday)

Dance

*Pacific Ballet, Metamorphosis and New Ballet #2, 8:30 pm, 44 Page St., SF., 626-1351
 *San Quentin Six Defense Committee, Dance Benefit, 9 pm Finn Hall, 1819 Tenth St., Berkeley

Happs

*Kennel Club Show, 6am - 8 pm, Oakland Coliseum, Exhibit Hall, 635-7800
 *Recreation, Pool, etc. 1-4 pm, De Anza College, Cupertino, 50¢, 948-8590 ext. 521/5

Continued on page 14



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